

OUR SOLDIERS IN 'FRISCO--Illus. GRANT IN WAR TIMES.
MEETING NATIONAL FEDERATION WOMEN'S CLUBS.

VOLUME X

AUGUST, 1898

NUMBER 2

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

JOHNSON · BRIGHAM....
EDITOR.



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AUGUST, 1898

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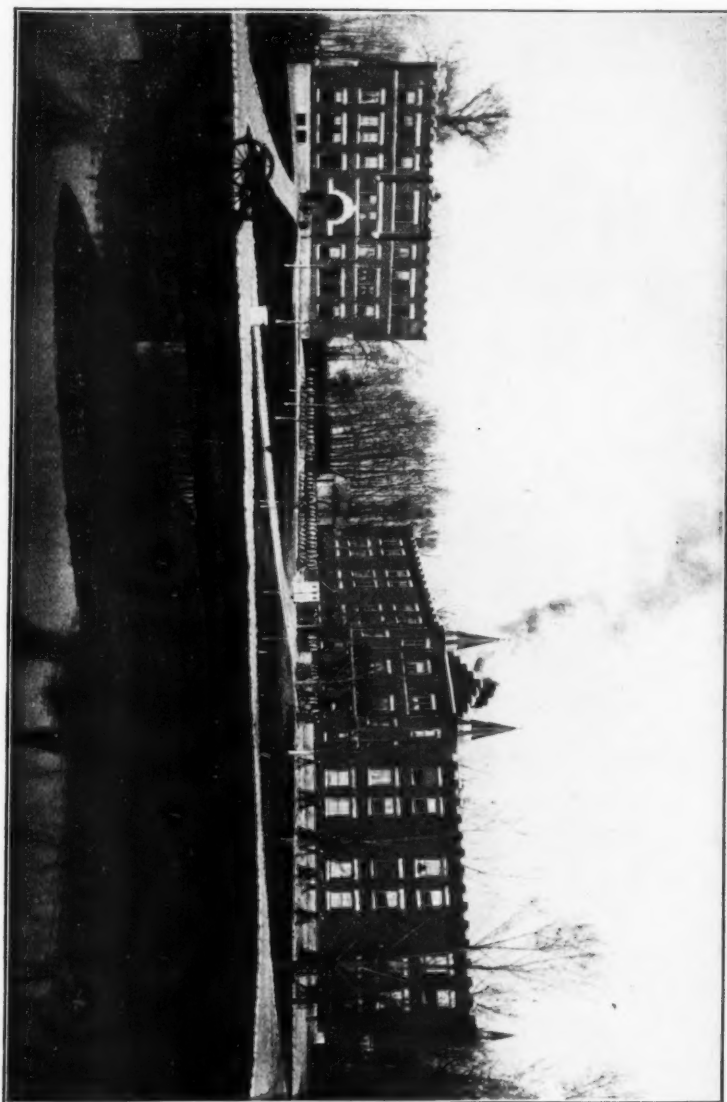
**Glimpses from the
Famous Culver Military Academy,**



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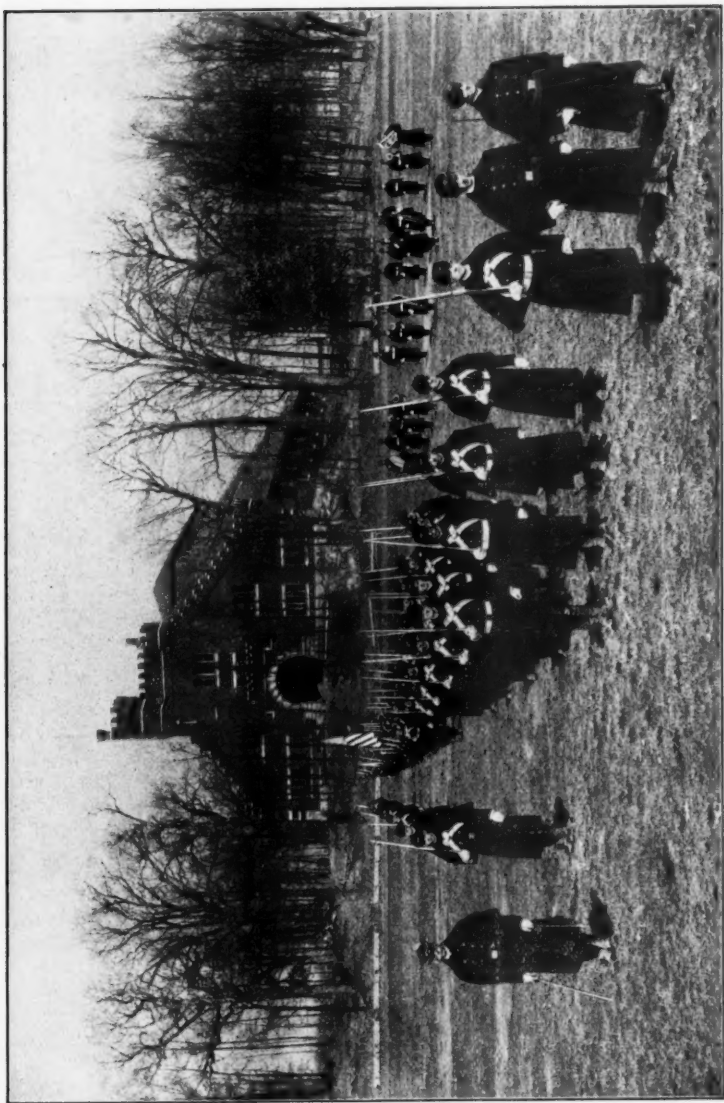
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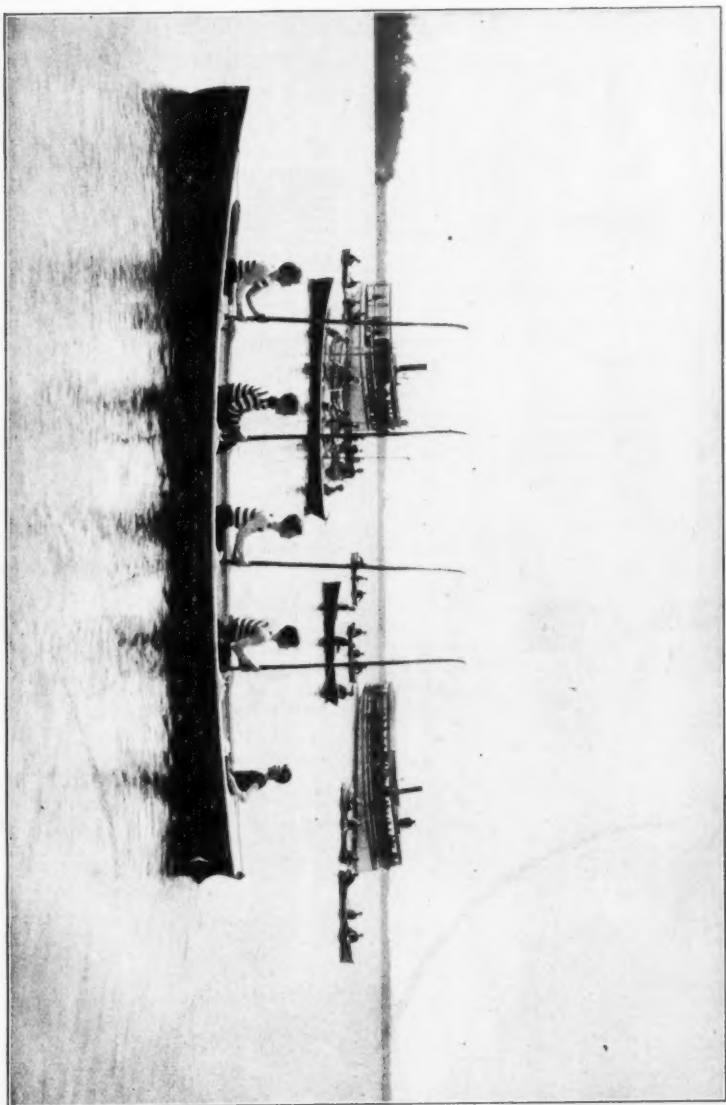
GLIMPSES FROM THE FAMOUS CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY,



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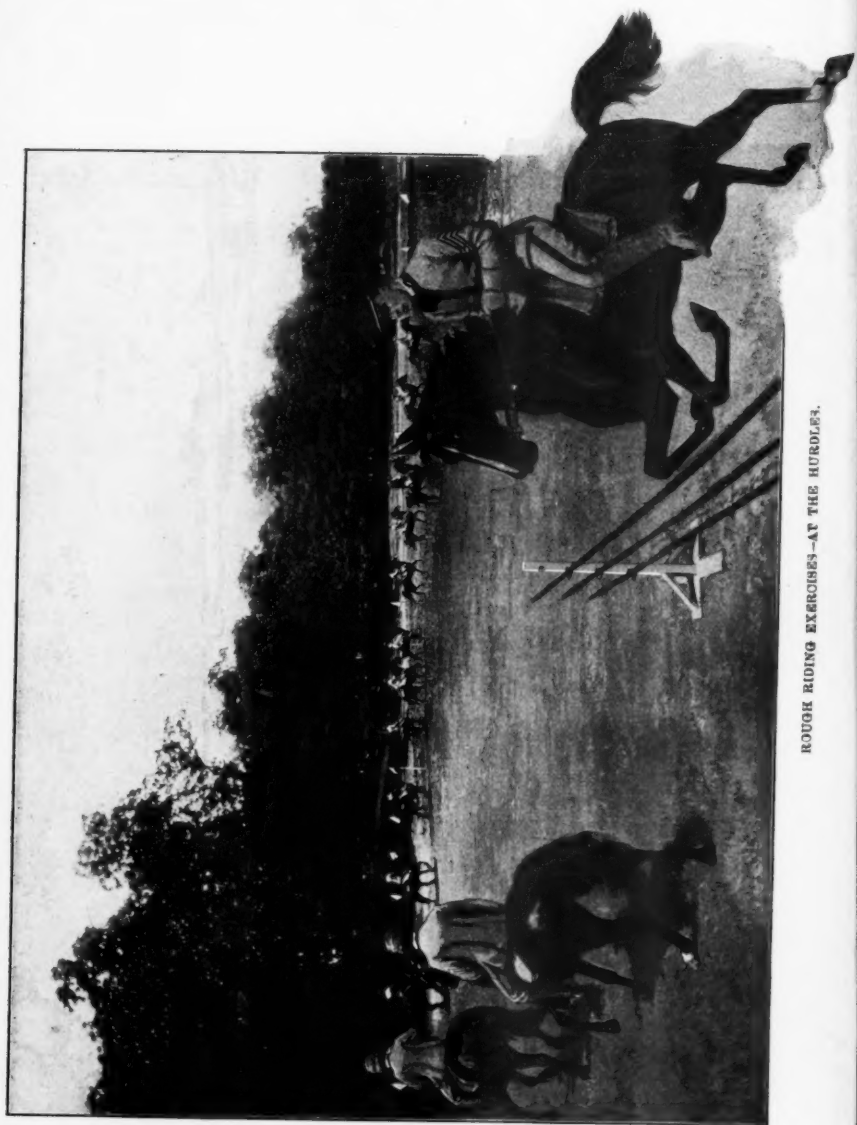
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1917-18 FOOTBALL TEAM.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

THE marvelous growth and popularity of the military school in recent years gives rise to some interesting questions. The marked tendency of the public school, and especially the high school, has been to dispense with all discipline, and as a result, in about the same ratio that discipline has been dispensed with, the high school boy has been dropping out until to-day it is not an uncommon thing to find graduating classes composed of eight or ten girls to one boy. Our teachers tell us that discipline is dispensed with in answer to the demands of the parent. Consequently our professional educators, as a class, rather than incur the hostility of parents who oppose discipline, prefer sliding along the lines of least resistance without stirring up this question. Certain it is, however, that the wonderful growth of the military school, with its maximum amount of discipline, indicates that at least a large minority of parents still believe in the good, old-fashioned doctrine, that discipline in itself is a valuable educator for boys and young men.

The interesting views given on the preceding pages are from the popular and beautifully located Military Academy at Culver, Ind., which is probably one of the most complete and successful schools of its kind in this country. It is located about eighty miles from Chicago, on Lake Maxinkuckee. The lake itself is very attractive and is about three miles long, fringed with magnificent timber of hard maple, oak and beech. Over 200 flowing wells are constantly adding to its waters. The Academy buildings are fireproof, heated by steam and lighted with electricity; baths and lavatories with hot and cold water, and other appliances necessary to a model school building. The riding hall for the cavalry is the largest and best equipped building of its kind in this country. The course of study is a thorough and complete preparation for the university. The location is ideal and Culver is deservedly one of the most popular military schools in this country.

Special information furnished or illustrated catalogue sent on application to Ernest A. Jackson, Room 815, Equitable building, Des Moines, Iowa.



Contributors' Department.

L'INFANTE MARGUERITE—VELAZQUEZ.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME X.

AUGUST, 1898.

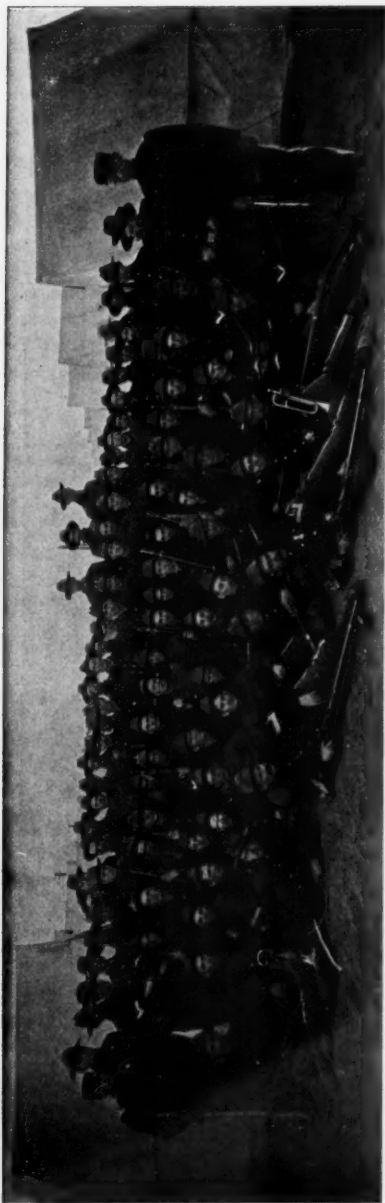
NUMBER 2.

THE FIFTY-FIRST IOWA AT 'FRISCO.

BY JOHN SNURE.



(1) THE FIFTY-FIRST QUARTERS AT CAMP MCKINLEY, DES MOINES—(2) THE REGIMENT WAITING TO EMBARK FOR 'FRISCO—(3) GOVERNOR SHAW'S REVIEWING PARTY, CAMP MCKINLEY.

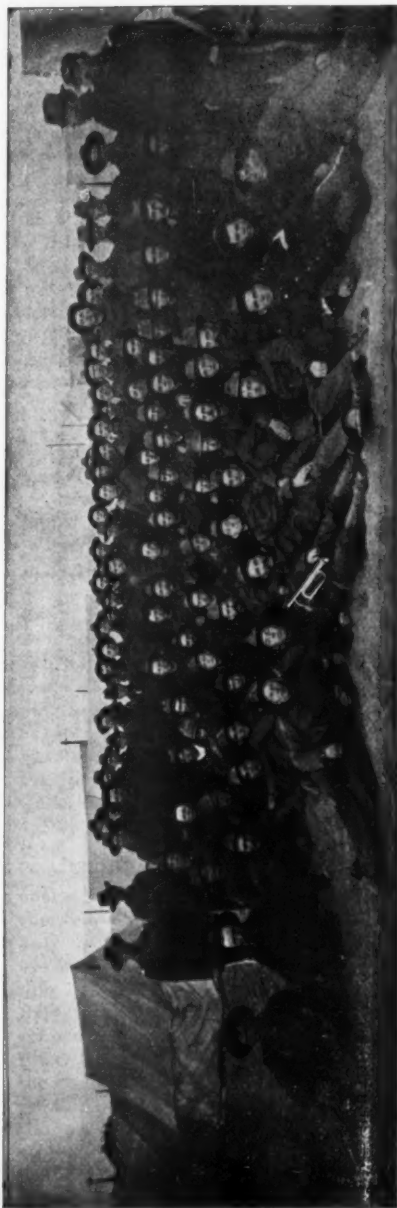


ONE OF THE FIFTY-FIRST COMPANIES—A, OF DES MOINES—WILLIAM GIBSON, CAPTAIN.

THE Fifty-first Infantry Iowa Volunteers, the old Third Regiment of the Iowa National Guard, is now encamped at San Francisco. Its tents cover a stretch of sand in the extreme northern part of Camp Merritt, from whose ridges the blue waters of the restless ocean are visible. More than a month has gone by since the first of the Iowa Volunteer troops were ordered to the Pacific coast to join the Philippine Islands expeditionary forces, this being the official designation of the army lying at San Francisco, or already sent to Manila. It was late Thursday night, June 2d, that the orders to move west were received at Camp McKinley, Des Moines, where the Regiment was then stationed under Brig.-Gen. James Rush Lincoln, who was ordered to Mobile. Little more than two days later, Sunday, June 5th, the Fifty-first started on its journey of 2,000 miles to the western edge of the continent, stirred and enthused by the prospect of being able to serve in the far off islands of the Asiatic seas. Five days later, June 10th, the Regiment crossed the bay from Oakland to San Francisco. A reception that amounted almost to an ovation was tendered it, and amid the cheering acclaim of vast throngs that lined the streets, it marched out Golden Gate Avenue to Camp Merritt, and pitched its tents amid the waste lots near Laurel Hill cemetery.

In accordance with orders from Washington, the Regiment had to be recruited up to the line of 106 men to the company. Recruiting details were left in Iowa, and in little more than a week, the newly enlisted men began to arrive and join the Regiment. Within two weeks from the time it started west, the Fifty-first was recruited to the limit and all the recruits had joined the Regiment at San Francisco.

The history of the Regiment since reaching San Francisco may almost be told in the single word—drill. The weeks that have passed have been weeks of hard work, of unrelaxing effort.



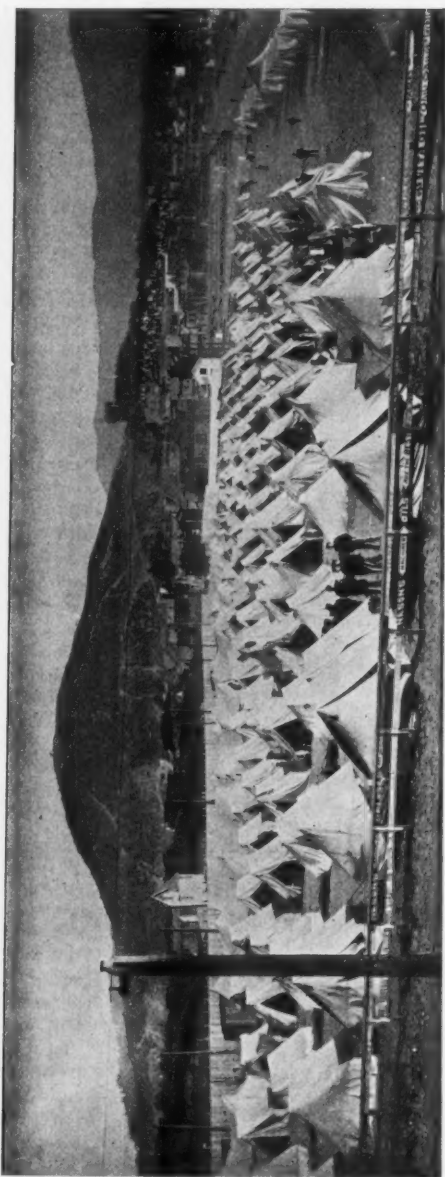
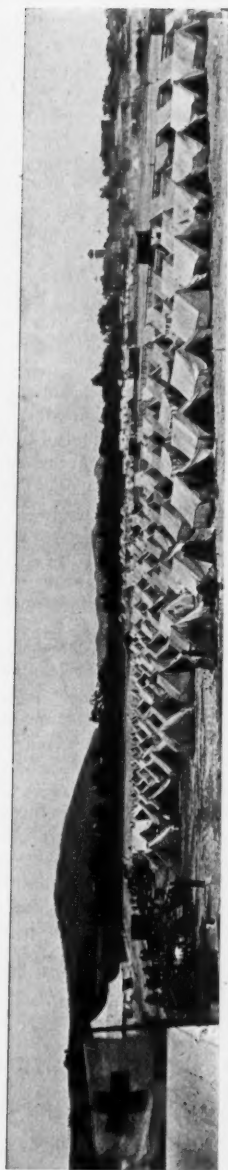
COMPANY B, OF VILLISCA-A. F. BURTON, CAPTAIN.

This has been all the more necessary by reason of the large accessions of recruits. By tireless activity, these have been moulded and shaped from civilians into soldiers, and in point of efficiency, the Regiment now ranks with the first in Camp Merritt. As rapidly as possible, it has been equipped, and to-day it could take the field on a few hours' notice if necessary.

Had it not been needful to add hundreds of recruits, there is little doubt the Fifty-first would by this time have been far on its way to Manila. But the necessity of breaking over four hundred raw men into service hampered it greatly and in consequence other organizations preceded it to the antipodes.

The Philippines has been all along the field of operations preferred by the Fifty-first, and each day that passes increases and intensifies the ardent desire of officers and men to set sail for the other side of the Pacific. As yet no orders to go have been received. Should they fail to go to Manila, the troops hope to reach the Sandwich Islands at least.

During its stay at Camp Merritt, the Iowa men have been treated with every mark of consideration by the people of San Francisco. No courtesy or kindness has been omitted. The Red Cross and other societies have done much for the Regiment, and at a recent Red Cross benefit entertainment at Mechanics' Pavilion, it was chosen to give an exhibition, in preference to several other regiments. The exhibition drill was witnessed by 5,000 people and was pronounced the finest ever seen in the city. To the sick of the Regiment, every attention has been shown. Fortunately the serious cases have been few, but those needing extraordinary care have been received beneath the roof of the Hospital for Children and the Waldeck Sanitarium. Both the ladies of the Red Cross and of the Catholic Truth society, have been active in their care of the sick. The hospital department of the Regiment is fully equipped, and a



TWO VIEWS OF FIFTY-FIRST IOWA, CAMP MERRITT, SAN FRANCISCO.

recognition of its efficiency is seen in the recent appointment of Major W. H. S. Matthews, Regimental Surgeon, as Sanitary Inspector for Camp Merritt.

The following are the field officers and staff of the Regiment:

Colonel—John C. Loper.

Lieutenant-Colonel—Marcellus M. Miller.

Majors—William J. Duggan, John T. Hume, Sterling P. Moore.

Regimental Adj't—J. T. Davidson.

Battalion Adjutants—George A. Reed, Frank M. Compton, Herbert C. Lane.

Quartermaster—John D. Cady.

Surgeon—W. H. S. Matthews.

Assistant Surgeons—Donald E. Mac Rae, David S. Fairchild, Jr.

Chaplain—Herman P. Williams.

The Fifty-first Iowa is a member of the Eighth Army corps, commanded by Major-General Otis. It is brigaded with the Seventh California and the First South Dakota Infantry, under the command of Brigadier-General H. G. Otis. For a short time, its brigade commander was General Arthur MacArthur, but following his departure for the Philippines, with the third expedition, General Otis was placed in command.

The first death in the regiment was that of Private J. E. Ritter, of Company M, on Monday, July 11th, after an operation for an intestinal cancer, at the brigade hospital. On Saturday, July 24th, Private L. E. Rogers, of the same company, died from an operation for appendicitis. A brother of Private Rogers came and escorted the remains to their home at Minburn, Iowa. Deceased was an old member of the Red Oak Company where he was at the head of the science department of the public schools and director of athletics. He was widely known as a football expert, having been a member of the Iowa Agricultural College team. The illnesses most common to the troops

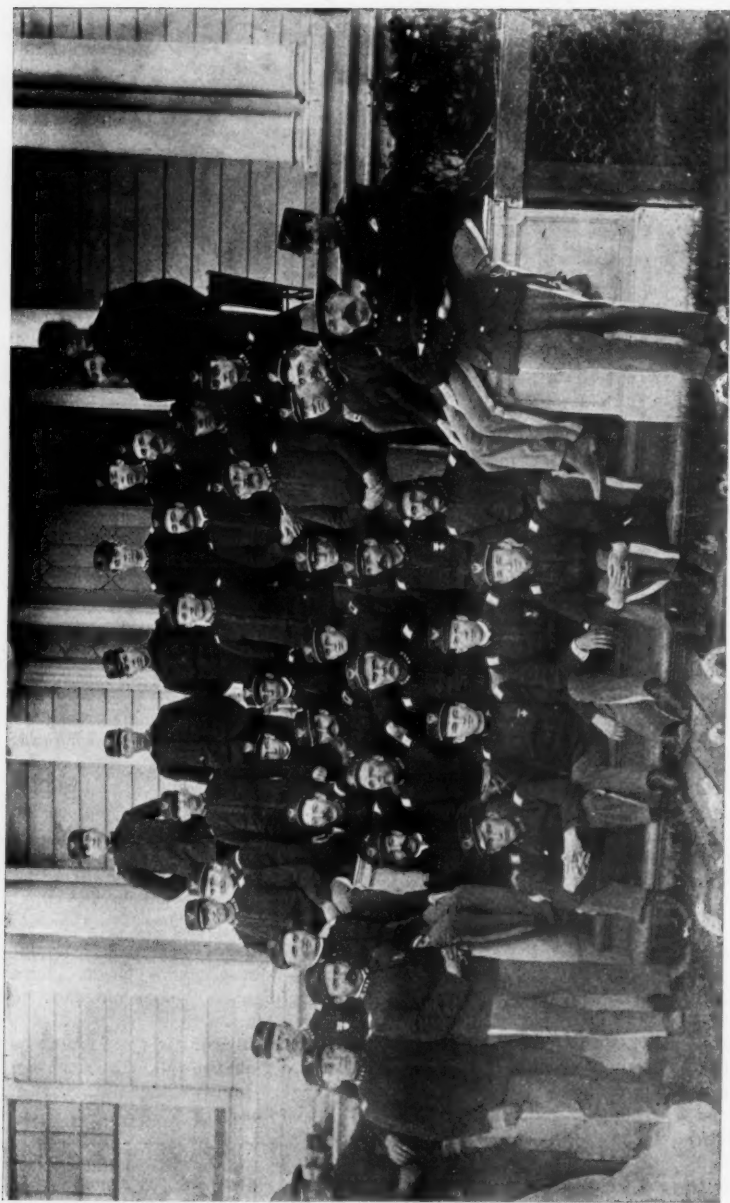


BRIG.-GEN. JAS. RUSH LINCOLN.

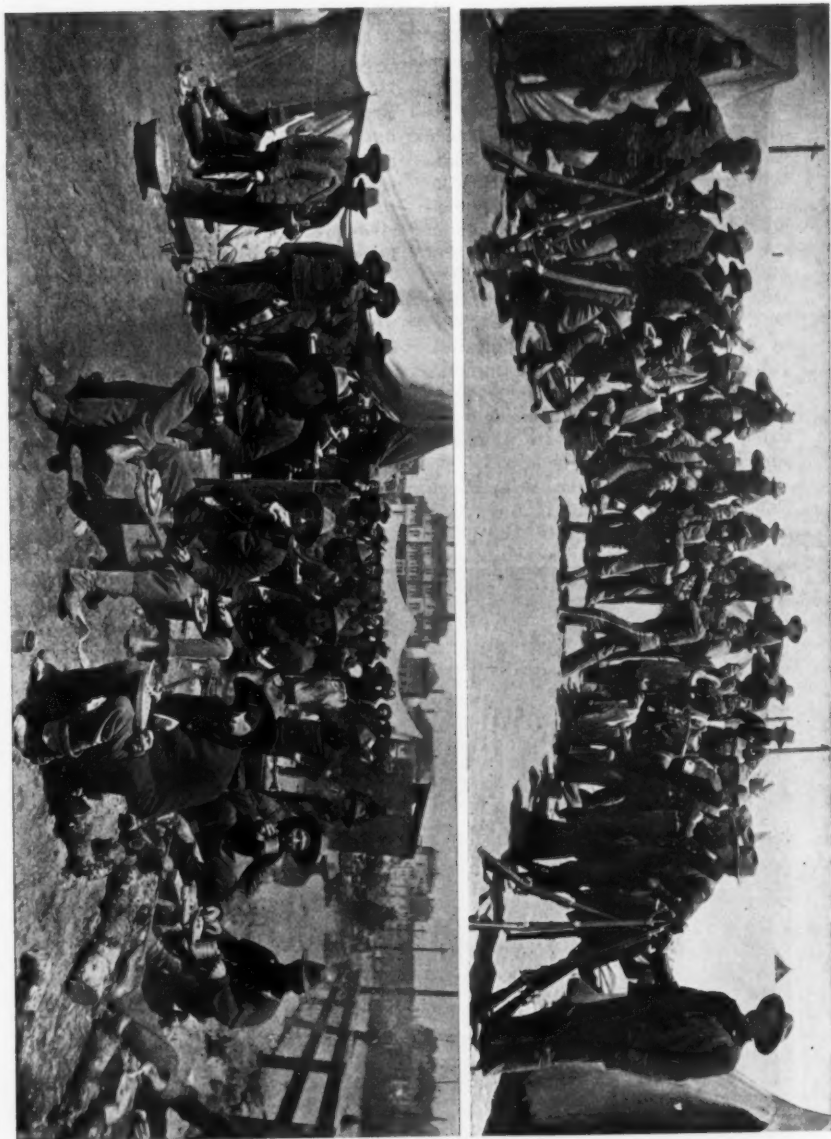
are sore throats, colds and similar troubles incident to the "demnition moist, unpleasant weather." All serious cases are reported to home friends promptly.

There now seems to be no longer a doubt that the Fifty-first will soon be on the Pacific, en route for the Philippines, the goal of its anxious hopes for weeks and months. When this news spread through camp the air was rent with cheers, and volleys of applause by squads, platoons and companies, thundered through the camp. The Fifty-first Iowa enlisted for the front and not for a sand-lot camping party. Iowa boys would select some other place for a summer camp.

The companies of the Fifty-first Regiment are from the following southern and largely southwestern Iowa cities: A, Des Moines; B, Villisca; C, Glenwood; D, Knoxville; E, Shenandoah; F, Oskaloosa; G, Creston; H, Des Moines; I, Bedford; K, Corning; L, Council Bluffs; M, Red Oak.



OFFICERS OF THE FIFTY-FIRST INFANTRY, IOWA VOLUNTEERS, AT 'FRISCO.



SIGNS OF WAR AND CONSUMPTION, CAMP MERRITT—COMPANIES F, OKALOOSA, AND I, COUNCIL BLUFFS.

MAJOR BELLE REYNOLDS.

BY CLARA SPAULDING BROWN.

THE newly elected President of the Woman's Parliament of Southern California, Dr. Belle Reynolds, of Santa Barbara, enjoys the proud distinction of being the only woman regularly commissioned as an officer on the rolls of the United States army. The rank of Major was conferred on her April 7, 1862, by Gov. Richard Yates, of Illinois, and it is not an empty title, won by favoritism or happy circumstance. It was earned by bravery and unselfish fortitude in a time of great personal danger and privation. Now she is entitled to the military salute whenever she visits an army post or fort.

Mrs. Reynolds was born in Shelburne Falls, Mass., but moved to Iowa with her family, at the age of 14. They

settled in the wilderness, but the daughter was afterward sent East to complete her education. She became the first teacher in Cass county, Iowa, walking several miles, and fording a river every day, to the little log school-house.

In April, 1860, she married Mr. William Reynolds of Peoria, Ill., and went with him to the war a year later, he being a lieutenant on General McClernand's staff. When they were at Bird's Point, Mo., in August, 1861, the order came to break camp, and the young wife marched with the troops, or rode on the back of a mule, over the rough roads, partaking of the rude fare and sleeping on the ground.

They went to Cape Girardeau, Mo.,

where the regiment remained several months. In the battle of Fredericktown, Mrs. Reynolds had her first experience with warfare, as she went on the battlefield, after the fight was over, and cared for the wounded. The battle of Fort Henry soon followed and again she performed her task of mercy. Just before the surrender of Fort Donelson the troops were ordered to march in ignorance of their destination, and "the Daughter of the Regiment" was not permitted to go. Her husband now held the rank of Adjutant.

When, a few weeks later, the army of the Southwest was massed at Shiloh for the battle



MRS. MAJOR BELLE REYNOLDS.

of Pittsburg Landing, Mrs. Reynolds was permitted to join her husband.

Fighting began in earnest on the 6th of April, 1862, after preliminary skirmishes between the two armies encamped opposite each other.

Soon the shells flew over the camp where Mrs. Reynolds and a nurse were and they were ordered to retire toward the river. Meeting wounded men, and surgeons, the two women stopped to give assistance, but instructions came to move the wounded to the river, and they proceeded to the quartermaster's boat. The troops were hard pressed and some of the new recruits endeavored to get possession of the boat, but were held back by officers with arms, Mrs. Reynolds standing guard, pistol in hand, with the rest.

By 10 P. M. the boat was loaded with wounded men, and went to Savannah. All through the night Mrs. Reynolds tended the sufferers, though consumed with anxiety about her husband, of whom she had heard nothing for several days. The next morning she and two other nurses picked their way through the dead of both armies to the little church at Shiloh, where fifty Union men lay wounded. Surgeons were amputating their legs and arms, and they were calling vainly for water. Mrs. Reynolds could not endure the sight. "Who will go with me to the river?" she cried, and a squad of men volunteered to procure a supply of water. That night was spent on the boat, caring for the wounded; and, the next day, the young nurse went on a larger boat to perform the same duty, though the gruff surgeon declared that he wanted no women around. Noticing some bales of white flannel shirts on board, she broke them open and put them on the sufferers in the hospital. The men were most grateful for her kindness.

For a week Mrs. Reynolds kept up this arduous labor, sleeping only at intervals in a chair.

When Governor Yates arrived with

a corps of physicians, she was ordered home on account of her haggard appearance, and went on the steamer Black Hawk, in company with wounded members of her husband's regiment. Everyone was talking of the battle of Pittsburg Landing. She, having been an eye-witness, was questioned about it, and her descriptions showed the Governor what part she had taken in it. He declared that she deserved a commission, and filled out a blank making her a Major, as the reward for meritorious conduct in camp and on the battlefield of Shiloh. This was duly signed and endorsed.

The following is a copy of the commission:

ILLINOIS STATE MILITIA HEADQUARTERS, {
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 16, 1862.
To all whom these presents shall come, greeting:
Know ye, that Mrs. Belle Reynolds, having been duly appointed to the honorary position of "Daughter of the Regiment" for meritorious conduct in camp and on the bloody field of "Pittsburg Landing:"

I, Richard Yates, Governor of the State of Illinois, and Commander-in-Chief of the Illinois State Militia, for and on behalf of the people of said State, do commission her to take rank as Major from the 7th day of April, 1862. She is, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duties of said office, by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging; and I do strictly require all officers and soldiers under her command to be obedient to her orders; and she is to obey all such orders and directions as she shall receive from time to time from her Commander-in-Chief or superior officer.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of State to be affixed.

Done at Pittsburg Landing, this 16th day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the independence of the United States, the eighty-sixth.

By the Governor:


RICHARD YATES,
Commander-in-Chief, Illinois Militia.
C. M. HATCH,
Secretary of State.
ALLEN C. FULLER,
Adjutant-General, I. S. M.
JOHN MOSES, A. D. C.

[Attest.]

Registered in index book No. 2, A. G. O.

Two weeks later Mrs. Reynolds returned to the army and was presented with a beautiful horse by Governor Yates. She entered Vicksburg with the victorious troops and followed the regiment until it was mustered out in 1864. After the war, she studied medicine and surgery, and practiced several years in Chicago. She is a member of the American Institute of Homeopathy and

ILLINOIS STATE MILITIA.

HEAD  QUARTERS

Springfield, Ill. APRIL 16th 1862

To all to whom These Presents Shall come, Greeting:

Know Ye, That *Miss Belle Reynolds* having been duly appointed to the temporary position of "Quartermaster of the Regiment" for meritorious conduct in Camp on the bloody field of "Pittsburg Landing."

I, RICHARD YATES,
Governor of the State of Illinois, and Commander-in-Chief of the Illinois State Militia,
FOR AND ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE OF SAID STATE, DO COMMISSION HERETO TAKE
Rank as *Major* from the *7th* day of *April* 1862.

He is, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duties of said Office, by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging; and I do strictly require all Officers and Soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders; and she is to obey all such orders and directions as she shall receive, from time to time, from his Commander-in-Chief, or superior Officer.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the GREAT SEAL OF STATE to be affixed.
Done at *Springfield* this *16th* day of *April* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two and of the Independence of the United States, the eighty-sixth.

BY THE GOVERNOR: *Richd Yates*
Commander-in-Chief, Illinois Militia.

John Moore
Secretary of State.

Registered in Book No. *2* Page *450*

THE ONLY AMERICAN MILITARY COMMISSION ISSUED TO A WOMAN IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION.

other prominent medical societies. She has visited China and Japan, and taken trips to Europe in company with patients. Some years ago she removed to Santa Barbara.

Two of her three brothers, both lawyers by profession, reside in Iowa, one of them, Mr. J. K. Macomber, at Des Moines; the other, F. J. Macomber, at Lewis. The third is a physician in Pasadena, Cal.

The organization of which Dr. Reynolds is now the president is one of great value to the women of Southern California, and through them, to the community at large.

Composed of four hundred of the most intellectual and progressive wives, mothers and daughters of that fair land, its object is to give representation to all localities, and independent treatment of every subject worthy the consideration of women at the present time. Religious convictions, social distinctions, diverse lines of work, form no barrier to membership in the Parliament. Meetings are held quarterly, the annual one always at Los

Angeles, the others in the various large towns of Southern California successively, and each session attracts, on an average, a thousand people.

No favoritism is manifested in assigning the papers, and each speaker is invited to express her ideas with the utmost fearlessness. Discussion follows the introduction of each subject, bringing out many brilliant thoughts and courteous, though opposing arguments. Church work, child training, education, heredity and environment, dress, physical culture, literature, art, domestic life and other vital topics, have been lifted out of the narrow light of individual or local effort into the broad atmosphere of a great general movement. Incidental to this beneficial object, has been the promotion of personal acquaintance among the members of the Parliament, living in widely scattered homes.

The organization is now in its sixth year of existence, and is firmly grounded as one of the valuable institutions of Southern California. The plucky "Major" of Shiloh is a fitting head for such an enterprising body.

GRANT.

FULL panoplied, crowned victor in advance
 Of serried lines where marched earth's chivalry;
 Grant won his fame, and such the world's decree:
 No granite shrines in cold remembrance
 Such name as his. The eagle, bold and free
 Among his native crags, sweeps with his glance
 The world below: imprisoned, still he reigns
 No less a king! So here, not time nor place,
 Nor wreaths, nor granite tomb, nor sculptured vase
 With ashes filled, can add to heights and plains
 Of limitless renown the hero gains,
 Illustrious in life's immortal race.
 There is no goal to limit such, when run,
 No more than Shasta marks the set of sun.

W. F. Lawrence



IOWA STATE CAPITOL.

ARCHITECTURE IN IOWA'S CAPITAL CITY.

BY ERNEST EDWARD CLARK.

IT IS a bold man who undertakes to resolve into its elements the charm of any work of art. If it has a charm at all it is one which words can not express. An attempt to convey it from one to another by such means must always fail. Personal experience alone can realize it. Neither can one hope to adequately express the reasons why such a creation has the power to charm, or to lay down a series of rules or regulations by which an unskilled observer may know whether a song, or a statue, or a picture, or a building is or is not artistic. But if we can not do this, it is not forbidden us to think and talk about the arts and, with eyes more freely open, endeavor to approach their sacred mysteries.

There is no one of the fine arts more closely connected with home life than architecture. Every man must live in a house and most every man expects to build at least one. All are in some way connected with the organizations

of men that build churches and school-houses and other public buildings. Aside from personal interest all must look upon the houses built by others. From their very nature they must be ever present and always in view, and whether charming in outline or painful by reason of ugliness they are features of the landscape which none can escape. It is the people's art, and if its full development ever comes to us it will be when the plain people have learned to appreciate and enjoy it.

The man who can add to the beauty of the landscape by a successful building, does himself a service and is a public benefactor. He has added to the world a new source of inspiration and pleasure.

The State Capitol has much to commend it to the people of Iowa. It stands upon a commanding site, from which its golden dome can be seen for many miles. No Iowan who has a

clean heart and wholesome State pride can catch a glimpse of that dome, when approaching the Capital City, without a thrill of pleasure. That first glimpse comes with no other part of the city in sight, with a background of moving clouds or clear sky, when its connection with the earth is out of view, and when its form and beauty are alone sufficient to touch our emotions. There is no more pure and personal pleasure than that which comes to us all unsought through the eye. Elusive and evading it is none the less real. A man who has learned to note it and realize it has got a little deeper into the pleasure of living than one who has not.

To this side of our nature it is that architecture appeals and justifies its claim to a place among the arts. When one wakes up to the fact that a dome in the air—not lived in, not used at all—has such a quality as gives him pleasure, he becomes ready to justify its erection and to enter upon the enjoyment of a part of his own nature as a being of æsthetic and artistic parts.

One is disposed to linger upon the value of distant views of this central dome, because it is really the best part of the whole building from the artistic standpoint. Even the four little domes stiffly disposed about it are not able to greatly diminish its importance. The Capitol, like most of the public buildings of the country, is designed upon classic lines. Its style is a tribute to the architectural instincts of ancient Greece, to the achievements of Rome, to the Renaissance and to modern needs. There are to be seen columns and pediments of the Grecian type, the dome of the Roman and the provisions for suitable lighting, which the use of the building for offices makes necessary.

The influence of that old civilization on the shores of the Mediterranean is not more marked in any department of life than in the form it has given to the work of architecture in all quarters of the globe. It is not a little remarkable that after so many centuries the

people of another hemisphere should go back to it for the ruling idea displayed in their buildings.

The Capitol is a very fair representative of the State for which it stands. Large enough to command respect, built of good and honest material, adapted to the uses for which it was designed, it is a monument of which the people of the State are justly proud. They are warranted in a proper pride in the history of its construction, for it was paid for when the stones were laid, without the contracting of debt and without its fair walls being tainted by any suspicion of extravagance or corruption. Its interior does not shame its outward seeming. The rotunda and liberal halls are appropriate to its character as a public building. Its display of marbles from distant lands is interesting, and its ample offices, with well chosen mural decorations, afford a suitable home for all departments of the State government.

Architects of this day have had to deal with a form of building hitherto unknown. The need of high business buildings upon grounds of great value, made possible by the use of elevators, has called for an unfamiliar structure. It is interesting to note how the problem as presented has been met. The most usual solution has been found by enlarging the various parts of the building heretofore familiar. The basement instead of ending near the ground line or at most at the top of the first one has been built up through two or three stories. Strong and heavy material, massive arches and piers have followed up the line of building to such a height as to permit a basement, which occupies a share of the entire elevation something near the same as appears in the proportions of the older buildings. Above the basement towers the main body of the edifice, which is outlined at the base and at the top by strong horizontal lines. It often happens that



THE EQUITABLE BUILDING.

the cornice is extended so as to occupy the height of one or more stories.

The Equitable building of Des Moines affords a very fair example of architectural work in this line. It has one advantage over most of the high buildings erected in the larger cities, in that the value of the ground is not so great as to compel the architect to abandon granite and brick as materials in order that he might save space by making thinner walls. In other places this and some other considerations have led to a steel construction covered by a terra cotta imitation of stone. Those critics who are wont to demand that every building must show honestly, on the outside, of what material and in what manner it was built, have been compelled to withdraw their demand or to keep silent in the presence of a majority of modern sky-scrapers. The building before us, however, rests upon a wide and deep foundation, and boasts a two-story basement of granite that satisfies every observer that it has the strength to bear the stories which tower above it. The openings in the first story are roofed with single arches. The objection sometimes made to arches in the basement of high buildings, which is based upon the lack of sufficient walls to secure them, does not apply here where the strength of the piers, particularly of the corner ones, seems ample to withstand the thrust of the arch and to warrant its use. The grouping of two window arches in the second story gives variety to the heavy walls without taking away the idea of strength everywhere suggested.

The next division of the *façade*, comprising the third and fourth stories, while admirable in itself, is not so satisfactory as a part of the whole. Its interposition here with the horizontal line at its top serves rather to dwarf than to magnify the apparent height of the building. If the columns which start above it had been planted on the granite, it seems that the unity of the structure would have been more clearly

displayed and its height comparatively increased.

The walls above the basement are constructed of vitrified brick from the beds of which the well known Des Moines paving brick are made. Their indestructible character and deep red color harmonize well with the Maine granite of the building. The idea of solidity, which pervades the building, is strongly brought out in the second section in which there is a recurrence of the single arch of the basement, held by a comfortable extent of solid brick wall. Just above is placed in terra cotta, a course upon which is outlined the familiar Greek fret. Mr. Ruskin condemns it as an ornament upon his oft-used argument that it resembles nothing in nature; but the ladies, who are often pleased by finding it upon patterns of their apparel or upon their household linen, will not be disappointed to see it strongly displayed in so honorable a place.

The deep walls which have been carried up flush with the foundation are here boldly recessed through the fifth, sixth and seventh stories, except for the broad angles at the corners and in the two broad pilasters on the longer side, and in the recesses are placed ample columns of rounded brick crowned with Corinthian capitals of red terra cotta. The columns and pilasters are joined by brick arches.

One is willing to subdue his regret that the columns should have been built up of brick instead of being made of monoliths, when he remembers the satisfaction which comes from unity of material and realizes the pleasing impression made by this inspiring colonnade. The eighth story is somewhat disappointing in its lack of vigor and ornament. The cornice which boldly overshadows it bears a striking likeness to the forms designed for the crowning member of a certain Italian palace of the Sixteenth Century.

The building is a modern one in every respect and does not lend itself

kindly to classification under the well known styles. However, upon a general view, it presents marked features of the Italian Renaissance, and in its arches, columns, capitals and ornaments appear some of the characteristics of that school. The same idea is carried out in the egg and dart molding of the wood work and in the forms of the iron work of the interior. If solidity, unity, honest and enduring material, and adaptation to the uses for which it was designed, are to be considered, this may safely be pronounced a most satisfactory piece of architectural work.

The most thoughtful piece of architecture in the city of Des Moines is St. Ambrose Roman Catholic Church. The cathedrals of the old world represent the best of human endeavor in the building art. It is doubtful whether the wonderful achievements of later times in the way of mechanical devices will lead to the devotion of so great accomplishment to such purposes. The spirit of devotion and sacrifice which brought to the altar of God such magnificent offerings in art, and wealth and labor, and which served for generation after generation to inspire men to design and build such splendid temples, now mostly finds other outflow. It has persisted, however, in some measure, in the channel it then made for itself, and results in our day in the cultivation of artistic ideas in the architecture of houses of worship to an extent more marked than in any other field.

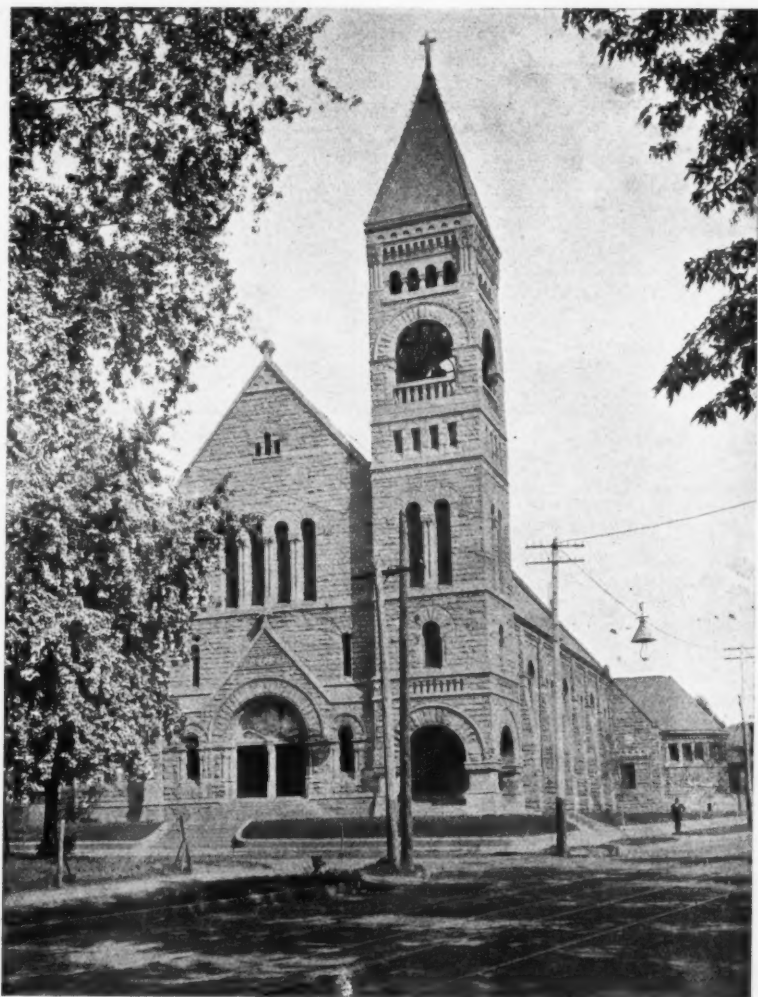
St. Ambrose Church has a most happy location. From the busy street car corner one's eye can find its way up Sixth avenue, which is partly broken in direction, and rest upon a sight which will relieve the weariness of waiting. From that point there is in view a tower of most graceful proportions, a mass of unbroken wall and roof lines which lead up to the tower in a very graceful and friendly way. The material of this church is Bedford stone from the street line to the tower cor-

nice. How much of its charm is due to that fact is hard to say, but it is about the most satisfactory foundation for favorable judgment which can be imagined. The builder who hopes to give pleasure by introducing a variety of material will ever be wondering why his composition fails to impress any one but himself.

There is no more certain way of affording pleasure in ornamentation or decoration than by the repetition of similar forms. Looking at this tower one can hardly fail to find special pleasure in the series of round-topped openings which succeed each other from the first broad arch to the charming little colonnade just below the cornice. The succession is interrupted only by a course of small square-topped windows, where there seems hardly room for round arches, and the same idea is freshly renewed in suggestion by the half-round indentures in the stone cornice above.

This square tower with its ample proportions, its unity in design and material, its roof and its glittering cross of gold, is a thing of beauty of which one need never tire. How many a weary and tired soul has been refreshed by a view of it, who shall say?

The charm of the church, however, is not exhausted when one has become familiar with its tower. The fine sweep of the western line of the front gable, leading up to the tower roof, is one for which the observer may well thank the designer. In fact the simple lines of the roof, in uniting the walls in the simplest way, is one of the most pleasing features. The roof of the sacristy on the east juts out from the main building and runs off to the wall beneath it in a thoroughly artistic way. The architect's love for symmetry has led him to cut off the roof as it appears in the western line of the gable of the front. One can hardly help wishing that he had continued this cornice line on down to the western wall of the church, trusting to the weight of the



ST. AMBROSE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

tower to balance the longer roof line on the western side.

The size of a building has much to do with the artistic effect. The proportions of this church are sufficiently noble to command our respect. The repetition of buttresses and windows

on its eastern side pleases that fancy for succession of similar features referred to before. But it is to the front of the building that we return for the view of the tower and *façade* which will remain with us. The commanding outer lines of the tower and walls and

the relation the roof bears to the tower are the best part of it, but the mass of unbroken wall presented with its well arranged openings is worthy of attention. No device can take the place of a mass of wall in supplying that sense of strength and endurance which we are always glad to recognize in a building. It is so often frittered away by our builders, sometimes with no better device than sham window-caps and sills, that we can appreciate all the more the art of the designer that will give us such an amount of clean stone as is here to be seen.

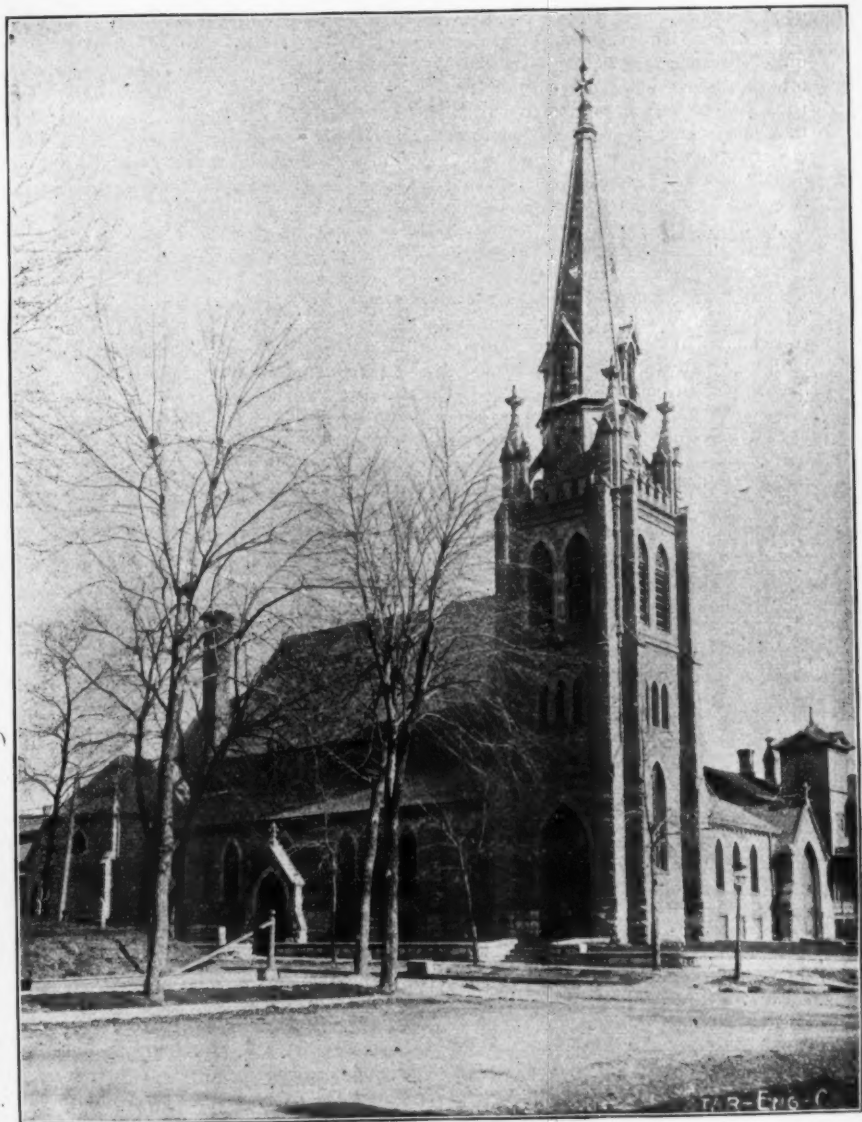
The first division of the *façade* is well supported, the one above is solid save for two narrow arched openings which do not seem to weaken it, while the four grouped, slender windows in the upper division are amply supported on either side by unbroken walls. The entrance is of good proportion and extension, but one can hardly help regretting that more time and labor had not been spent upon its ornamentation. The columns with appropriate capitals on either side and the sculptured band of stone in the pediment over it are well done, but the ornament immediately about and over the door is weak and meager at the very place where we would expect to find the crowning triumph of the sculptor's art.

The church follows very closely the lines Romanesque and is a very good illustration of the satisfactory way in which that strong style lends itself to use in church architecture.

Northern Europe was the birthplace of Gothic architecture. Its long, steep roofs were suggested by a climate in which rain and snow were to be expected and provided against. They would never have been built in a southern climate where the flat roofs of the classic style were developed. The deeply-cut stones which mark the sculptured part of its walls were also due to the lack of that constant sun

which brought out lines of light and shade upon the more lightly-cut stones of Venice. The forms which were worked out in that style found their early use in ecclesiastical work. They can best be studied in the cathedrals, which were works of such magnitude as to make the towns in which they were situated beautiful by their presence alone.

The Gothic influence in America is largely confined to church architecture. That influence is to be seen in Des Moines to a greater or less extent in many of the churches, but in none of them is the style carried out with sufficient strictness to make a very marked impression. The nearest approach to it is to be found in St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Ninth and High. It shows the buttressed walls of stone, the high roof, the clerestory, above the roof of the aisles and below that of the nave, and the characteristic pointed arches of that style. Its square tower, with the true Gothic spirit, starts boldly up, but the spire which surmounts it seems hardly to belong there and the point at which tower and spire meet is sadly jumbled. One does not find here all the insignia of Gothic design. The flying buttress is missing at the place where it might have been expected, but there is a glimpse of its form to be seen at the joining of tower and spire. The mass of recessed columns with carved capitals, which adorns so many Gothic doorways, is wanting, and most of all, is missed that wealth of sculptured ornament in which the Northern builders delighted. The modern builder, however, is free to choose how far he shall follow in the footsteps of designers of the olden time and his principals may properly limit the extent of mediæval ornament for which they are willing to pay. There is little to criticize and much to admire in this noble church, which is fashioned upon lines so well established in public favor, and is built of such enduring material that it bids fair to remain, as the years go



ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

on, a monument to the wisdom and good taste of its builders

There is fashion in buildings, not quite so subject to change as in some other artistic lines—as for instance, in the milliners' windows but so marked that one can often determine very closely the date of the buildings in one of our older cities by the style in which they are constructed, or from the ornaments they bear. About once in a longish lifetime the forms with which it is started come around again.

Some thirty or more years ago there was quite a revival of Gothic forms in this country and it was carried into the building of dwellings. It must have been about this time that the dwelling now standing on the southwest corner of Sixth avenue and Park street was built. It is interesting as being one of the earliest houses in Des Moines to show a thoughtful design upon scholarly lines. Plain and unpretentious as it is, no one interested in architecture is likely to pass it without notice. The interest it now excites would reward the builder, if he knew of it, for the care and thought he must have put upon it. He worked upon Gothic lines and built a house in wood, which must have been noticeable at a time when the educated architect had very little to do with the erection of houses in this city. To the memory of Mr. John Brownee, who designed and built it, the architects of this city owe respectful reverence.

It is curious to note in the cornice, window-caps and other ornaments, how the forms which were plainly designed to be finished in stone, appear when the material is changed to wood. There is very faithful adherence, in all details, to the Gothic forms.

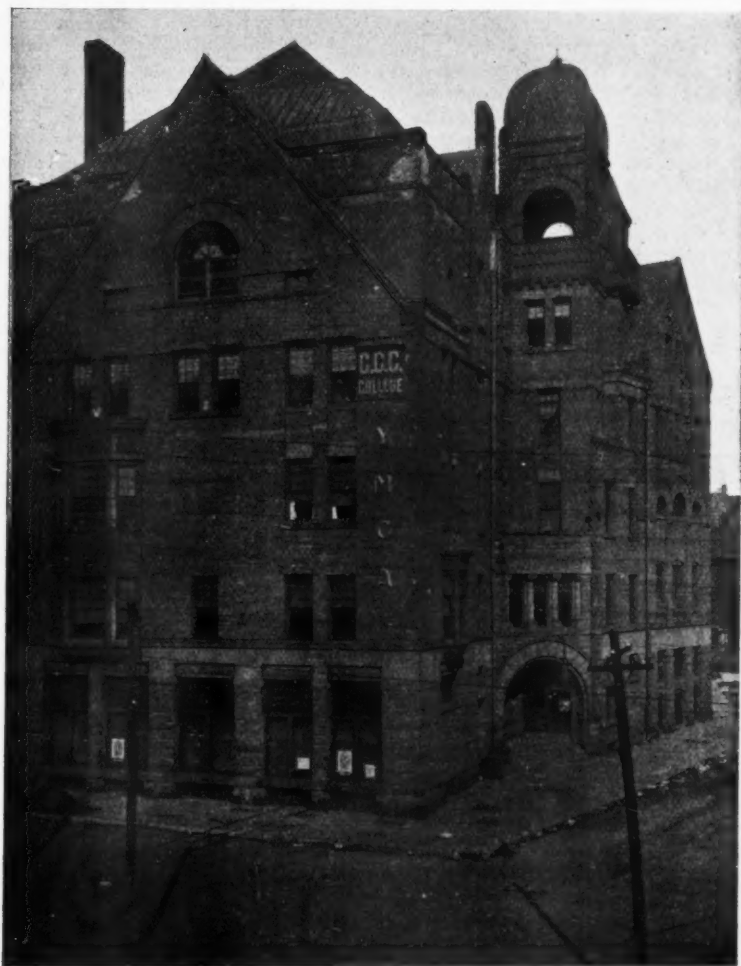
One of the most striking buildings in Des Moines is that erected by the Young Men's Christian Association. It occupies a lot which is of rather unusual shape, situated at a bend of Fourth street, the

main entrance to the heart of the city, down which its south front looks. One can not pass upon the architectural merits of a building while leaving out of consideration the limitations which its surroundings impose. It must be remembered here that the western side is upon the lot line and that while now exposed to view, it would hardly do to build it upon any other theory than that it would at some time be hidden by buildings of good elevation upon the adjoining lot.

One other limitation was doubtless kept in mind: Buildings within the limits of the business districts do not bear obtrusive ornamentation, and a certain reserve in architectural features is imposed by the character of the environment. At the same time the fact that this is not a business block, but is rather a public building, ought to be clearly indicated upon its exterior. Looking now at the south front one can see how this character of the structure has been brought out in the unusual roof, the gable, the two story oriel bay, and the absence of the usual store entrance as well as, upon a nearer view, by the name on the sculptured stone.

One walking up from the railway station would not be likely to miss asking about this building or to be surprised when told what it was. The roof so freely exposed strikes one as quite unusual, and has not escaped criticism. It must be admitted, however, that it unites the walls in a strong simple way and leads the eye to the satisfactory blending of their lines. It was intended that the final story should be used as a picture gallery and be lighted from the top, so that the breaking of the roof lines by skylights, which sadly interferes with their effect, was excused by the apparent necessity for their presence.

The marking of a strong gable line against the wall, by means of a cornice starting from the top of the fourth story and leading to the apex of the front gable,—set somewhat lower than the



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

roof behind it,—was an ingenious device for lowering the apparent height of the building and giving it a more homelike and inviting appearance. For, however much one may like to count the towering stories of a commercial edifice, it is plain that in a home for young men something is gained by thus lowering the apparent elevation and binding the

stories together in a unit, which almost suggests the charm of coaisness.

One needs to walk down toward the river on Grand avenue to obtain the best view of this building. From this point one can see the low tower with its Moorish covering and note what freedom the architect has given to his imagination in diversifying this wide

front, and how completely he has made the outline, the various openings, the roof line and the grand entrance, to keep themselves in entire harmony. Without leaning upon any of the schools for a design this side, when viewed from a little distance, is seen to be well entitled to the name of picturesque. One who, putting aside preconceived opinions, will endeavor to study this front from the standpoint of the designer can hardly fail to find points of interest in it.

Let the eye, for instance, follow the line—only suggested, not marked out—from the inner side of the entrance to the short colonnade above, up the successive steps marked upon the side of the tower, to the top of the gable upon

the north end of the eastern front. Let him note the projection from the north-east corner of the upper story of the tower, and in what a charming way it is snuggled up against the tower. Let him observe the round quoins of stone which appear here and there upon the angles of this front and the rounded lines which appear in the tower roof. Let him make a frequent study of the southern and eastern exposures, and when he is full of the inspiration which comes from this study, and from the life and spirit to be found in the bricks and stones here piled up, he will be ready to take pride in a house which is, in more ways than one, a credit to the city that built it.



RECOMPENSE.

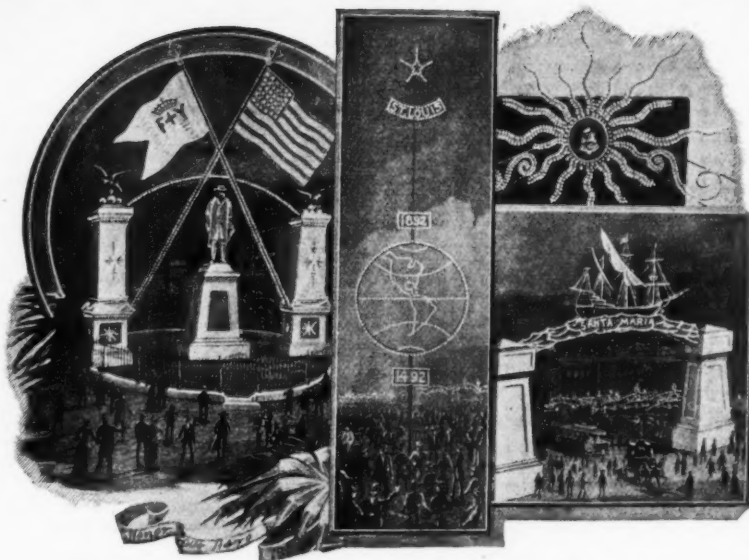
I WONDER if for those who try, but fail,
Sleep comes complete?
For those who grope alone up Life's hard trail
Is rest more sweet?

Through all of outward life we see and know
That, soon or late,
For every loss, some sturdy strength shall grow
To compensate.

Then, shall the spirit that has met defeat
By Fate's accord,
For all the battles bravely met and fought,
Have no reward?

I wonder if for those who try, but fail,
In Life's sure plans,
Some end of justice will, at last, prevail?
I wonder if through all th' enshrouding veil,
God understands?

Maudie Meredith.



HONORING THE GRANT MONUMENT IN ST. LOUIS WITH ELECTRIC ILLUMINATIONS.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1886, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BUELL'S SLOW MOVEMENTS.

FROM the inception of General Grant's advance on Donelson, President Lincoln and General McClellan had been very urgent that General Buell should move towards Nashville to prevent the enemy concentrating his forces against Grant. The entreaties were urgent and frequent, but unavailing. Johnston began the evacuation of Bowling Green two days after Grant captured Fort Henry, viz: on February 8th. Buell had now an army of 71,000 men and 160 guns. Little advance being made by him, McClellan appealingly asked him,

February 20th: "How soon can you be in front of Nashville?" Next day he again urged: "The advance on Nashville is of the greatest importance. . . Both you and Halleck keep me too much in the dark. Your reports are not sufficiently numerous or explicit."

Notwithstanding the urgency for haste, Buell was ten days moving sixty miles, and did not reach Nashville until Johnston's army had been fleeing southward *eight days*, during all of which time millions of dollars in value of Confederate war material was ready to be taken possession of by any force, however slight.

Johnston retreated from Nashville

February 17th, as we have seen by his official report; but *two days thereafter*,—February 19th,—Buell, who seems to have been as easily deceived and alarmed by the enemy as Halleck, telegraphed McClellan: "Our news indicates that the enemy are concentrating at Nashville."

He had no adequate excuse for not reaching Nashville with a division in light order by the time Johnston departed on the 17th (nine days after Bowling Green began to be evacuated), and thus have captured *all* the vast materials and supplies there collected.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHAT GENERAL GRANT WAS DOING.

Having seen what the Confederates and General Buell were doing a little to the south and east of Grant's operations, let us see how General Grant was deporting himself.

The surrender having been effected, the dead were to be buried, the sick and wounded of both armies were to be collected, the prisoners guarded and sent north. The captured material was to be cared for. His army was being rapidly augmented by the arrival of fresh and undisciplined regiments. This enlarged army must be reorganized. Abuses and irregularities, always incident to fresh troops in an enemy's country, must be corrected. The flush of a great victory, too, brings with it a species of demoralization, or a tendency to license, by men who are not well disciplined soldiers. All this Grant met with a promptness and energy that at once put his whole army, old and new, at work. Orders were issued covering every phase of army duty, and to meet every emergency. Drilling was incessant. Men were prohibited from pillaging, straggling or marauding; and the officers and men felt and saw that a master's hand was over it all.

Scarcely had these details been attended to, and the prisoners and wounded removed from his camps, when his active mind turned to the in-

vention of new aggressive movements against the enemy.

Having made conquest of new territory, the new district of "West Tennessee" was created, and Grant was assigned to its command. In the midst of other perplexing duties, on the next day after the surrender, he issued the following order:

FORT DONELSON, February 17, 1862.
GENERAL ORDERS. I

No. 1.
By virtue of directions from headquarters Department of the Missouri, dated February 15, 1862, the undersigned has been assigned to the command of the new military district of West Tennessee; limits not defined.

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

On the 18th he sent a force across to Fort Henry to operate up the Tennessee.

His instincts and sagacity as a soldier assured him that the rapid pursuit of the enemy was most important, yet he knew that Halleck's temper was choleric; that he was exacting, excitable, and not disposed willingly to extend to his subordinates any discretion, and Grant could only suppress his impatience, and talk over with Foote, Smith and a few others the importance of pushing on.

On the 19th he reported to General Halleck, through the latter's Chief of Staff, saying:

Clarksville is evacuated, and I shall take possession with one division, under General Smith. If it is the desire of the General commanding department, I can have Nashville on Saturday. Please inform me as early as possible of the desire of the General. As soon as I get possession of Fort Donelson I began to send the sick and wounded to Paducah. No distinction has been made between Federal and Confederate sick and wounded.

The amount of supplies captured here is very large—sufficient, probably, for twenty days for all my army. . . . Of rice, I don't know that we will want any more during the war. I think I will send you the tail of the elephant to-night or in the morning.

To General Smith he ordered: "Hold your command in readiness to take possession of Clarksville and garrison it. . . . There are no Confederate troops there at present, but it is a matter of importance to move as rapidly as possible. Commence the movement at once."

At the same time (19th), Grant wrote Sherman at Paducah:

Send all reinforcements up the Cumberland. I shall occupy Clarksville on Friday, and Nashville Saturday if it meets the approval of General Halleck. I have written him to that effect.

I feel under many obligations to you for the kind tone of your letter, and hope that, should an opportunity occur, you will win for yourself the promotion which you are kind enough to say belongs to me. I care nothing for promotion so long as our arms are successful and no political appointments are made.

U. S. GRANT.

General Sherman's letter could not be found in the war archives, but this correspondence was the beginning of a friendship which has few parallels in history. It stood the test of all apparent rivalries. It withstood all influences to shake it or weaken it. It grew stronger and warmer under every stress and every test, and endured, with growing confidence and affection, a comfort and a solace to both to the end of life.

On that day (19th) Grant's Chief of Staff, Colonel Webster, with two gunboats under Flag Officer Foote, approached Clarksville, and next morning took possession of the forts and city with immense stores of military supplies.

In his report, Commodore Foote says:

I ascertained that two-thirds of the citizens had fled from the place panic-stricken. In short, the city was in a state of the wildest commotion from the false rumors that we would not respect the citizens either in their persons or their property.

Assurances were given that all would be protected, and the panic subsided and most of those who had fled returned to their homes.

General Grant went thither and order and confidence were restored.

Next day (21st), General Grant wrote Halleck's Chief of Staff, Cullum:

I am now in possession of Clarksville, but will move only General Smith's force there until I hear from General Halleck.

There is a considerable amount of army stores at Clarksville, particularly flour and bacon, which it may be necessary to remove.

It is my impression that by following up our success Nashville would be an easy conquest, but I only throw this out as a suggestion. White flags are flying from Donelson to Clarksville, and rumor says the same thing extends to Nashville. At Nashville I understand one party put the white

flag on the state-house, but it was torn down by another party. I am ready for any move the General commanding may order.

Grant was confident that he could capture Nashville and all its vast army supplies with a division and a couple of gunboats; but his opinion did not influence the fierce and excitable Halleck, who was trying to "campaign" in the wilds of Tennessee while sitting in his office in St. Louis. Grant's sense of army discipline and of obedience compelled him to await orders. Indeed, while averring that "Nashville would be an easy conquest," modestly and timidly (lest Halleck would think him impertinent and encroaching upon his prerogative) adds, "*but I only throw this out as a suggestion.*"

Grant was ready and intensely anxious to hasten on and make the further conquest which his previous victory had left open to him, but he was chilled by the receipt of the emphatic order of Halleck:

Don't let gunboats go higher up than Clarksville. Even there they must limit their operations to the destruction of the bridge and railroad, and return immediately to Cairo. Mortar boats to be sent back to Cairo soon as possible.

H. W. HALLECK.

When Grant wrote Sherman, as he was commencing to move on Clarksville, saying, "I shall occupy Clarksville on Friday and Nashville, Saturday," he little suspected that a military "injunction" would stop his progress half way.

Halleck was convinced that he knew better how to command the army from his office in St. Louis, though it required several days to reach the front by wire and boat, than Grant, who was on the ground.

As early as the very day that Donelson surrendered to Grant, and before it was known at Washington or St. Louis, General McClellan had emphatically ordered Halleck:

Should Donelson fall, you will move on Nashville by either route which may at the time be quickest.

And on the 19th, the very time Grant began to move on Clarksville and

Nashville, Assistant Secretary of War Scott wrote Halleck from Louisville that Buell had been urged from Washington to advance, saying:



LIEUT. CHAS. B. STEELE,
Adjutant-General of Colonel Grant's Twenty-first
Illinois Infantry, 1861-64.

He is desirous of your co-operation in the movement upon Nashville with a portion of your forces and four good gunboats. His own force available for absolute movement upon the city will be about 40,000. . . . A number of small fortifications are erected on the river between Clarksville and Nashville. Of these points General Grant must satisfy himself before acting.

Again McClellan telegraphed Buell:

The great object is the occupation of Nashville. . . . How soon can you reinforce Grant? The advance on Nashville appears most decisive.

Grant did not need, and did not ask for, reinforcements. He needed only permission from Halleck to advance, but this permission could not be extorted and never came.

Grant, too modest and sensitive to again approach Halleck on the subject, persuaded the blunt and courageous sailor Foote, to once more make the following begging request of their irate commander:

FEBRUARY 21, 1862.

General Grant and myself consider this a good time to move on Nashville. Six mortar boats and two iron-clad steamers can precede the troops and shell the forts. We were

about moving for this purpose when General Grant, to my astonishment, received a telegram from General Halleck not to let the gunboats go higher than Clarksville. . . . General Grant and I believe we can take Nashville. Please ask General Halleck if we shall do it.

Commander Phelps, of the gunboat *Canestoga*, also sent a message, saying:

From information gleaned at Clarksville, we believe the panic at Nashville is very great, and that the city will be surrendered without a fight if a force proceeds at once against it.

Halleck, who seemed at this time to be paralyzed with some sort of terror, after reading these begging messages from the men at the front, sent off a message (February 21st) to Assistant Secretary of War Scott at Louisville, saying:

Advices just received from Clarksville represent that there is very little preparation for a stand at Nashville. General Grant and Commodore Foote say the road is now open and they are impatient to move. Can't you come down to the Cumberland and divide the responsibility with me? If so I will immediately prepare to go ahead.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

But the Secretary of War making no response, Halleck's nerves or courage failed him, and in the evening (February 21st) he sent a dispatch to General Cullum at Cairo:

Everything must remain in *status quo* till to-morrow. I am awaiting messages from Kentucky and Washington. If possible notify Grant, Phelps and Commodore Foote to make no further moves till they receive orders.

And with this military *quietus* served upon this trio of fighters—Grant, Foote and Phelps—the movement was suppressed, and the grand opportunity to gain further laurels for themselves and capture millions of military stores from the enemy was lost.

Grant, thus held in check by Halleck, worked with great industry in the reorganization of his army, and its drilling and discipline, awaiting Halleck's pleasure.

To General Sherman, who appealed to him to know what disposition should be made of the large reinforcements arriving, Grant answered:

I do not know what work General Halleck intends me to do next, therefore I cannot say where it is best to have them.

On February 24th Grant wrote General Cullum at Cairo:

Yesterday a steamer was down from Nashville with quite a delegation of citizens. The ostensible object was to bring surgeons to attend their wounded at Clarksville—real object, probably, to have some assurance that their property would be protected.

I have just returned from Clarksville, where I arrived last evening.

General Nelson reported to-day with his division. I sent them immediately to Nashville, with verbal instructions, to have his men under wholesome restraint, and written instructions as to his movements; a copy of the latter is herewith accompanying.

I have only four small regiments at Clarksville, and do not propose sending more until I know the pleasure of General Halleck on the subject.

The instructions which he gave to General Nelson's division were as follows:

FORT DONELSON, February 24, 1862.

You will proceed with the division under your command to Nashville, Tenn., keeping in rear of the gunboat Carondelet with all your transports.

From Nashville you will put yourself in immediate communication with General Buell. . . .

In his anxiety for the early capture of Nashville, he ventured to send Gen-

eral Halleck positive orders from Washington to do as early as February 16th.

He had not heard from Halleck for several days, and was growing anxious. He knew the advantages incident to his victory were great if followed up with energy, and he saw that the golden hours and the supreme opportunity were passing.

On the next day (25th), he wrote General Cullum:

The rebels have fallen back to Chattanooga. . . . I shall go to Nashville immediately after the arrival of the next mail, should there be no orders to prevent it. . . . Orders have been given for the evacuation of Columbus (by the Confederates).

I am growing anxious to know what the next move is going to be.

It is interesting to know that, in defiance of Halleck's restraints, this division and gunboat which Grant ordered on to Nashville, did reach, capture and take possession of that city in advance of Buell, who had been "moving" for ten days over the sixty miles between Bowling Green and Nashville. Grant and Foote would have been there *four or five days before* if Halleck had not ordered them peremptorily to "make no further moves until they receive orders."

On the 25th, Col. J. Ammen, who was second in command in the division which Grant had sent on to capture Nashville, wrote of the success of the move as follows:

February 25th—Dawn: something like a battery on the bank a mile up the river is observed. General Nelson orders me to land with some companies and make a reconnaissance. When we reached the battery (Fort Zollicoffer, five miles below Nashville) the rebels had deserted the place. Twelve large cannon dismantled; four six-pounders, all spiked, cannon balls and shells in large quantities.

We proceeded to the city and took position in the public square. General Nelson crossed the river to meet Generals Buell, Mitchell and others (who had not yet reached the city), and remained absent until towards evening.

It is not very surprising that General Buell should let his angry passions rise at finding that Grant would not be content with the honors of Donelson, but must thus thrust himself, as it were, under his nose and ahead of him, and seize the prize of Nashville, also! But



GRANT IN 1867.

eral Nelson's division and a gunboat,—exceeding this much the orders of Halleck, and yet only doing of his own volition the very thing that Halleck

capture was made, nevertheless, as we have seen from the war records, *pursuant to, and in consequence of*, General Grant's orders

General Buell hastened to grumbly recognize the situation.

He immediately sent orders to General Smith, of Grant's army, at Clarksville, saying:

GENERAL—The landing of a portion of our troops, *contrary to my intentions*, on the south side of the river—(Buell's force was still on the north side)—has *compelled me to hold that side (Nashville) at every hazard*. . . . I have to request you therefore, to come forward with all the available force under your command. So important do I consider the occasion that I think it necessary to give this communication all the force of orders.

D. C. BUELL,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

On the next day (February 26th), General Buell, reporting the events to McClellan at Washington, said:

I arrived opposite the city with Mitchell's division, about 9,000 effectives. The enemy's cavalry were still in the city in small force.

I did not intend to cross until I could do so in sufficient force to run no great hazard, but General Nelson arrived with about 7,000 men, and landed before I was aware of it. I deemed it unadvisable to withdraw them, lest it should embolden the enemy and have a bad effect on the people, and so I determined to cross with all the force at hand, and we are now crossing. I have dispatched steamers to bring up the force at Clarksville.

And so it came about that Buell was forced, *against his "intentions"* to "move," in order to protect the force which Grant's orders had thrown into Nashville.

Grant had no hesitation in throwing Nelson's 7,000 into Nashville, and yet Buell, with his "9,000 effectives," and 30,000 more approaching, sat down quietly on the opposite side of the river, waiting for his large army to come up, while "the enemy's cavalry in small force," a few hundred yards distant, were carrying off millions of dollars in value of Confederate stores, and spiking and dismounting valuable cannon!

General Smith's division of Grant's army, having thus advanced from Clarksville to Nashville, and Grant, receiving no further orders or communications from General Halleck, he proceeded to Nashville to investigate

the situation, look after his troops, and consult Buell, who was supposed to be in the city. Finding that General Buell was not in fact yet in the city, but had his headquarters north of the Cumberland River, he wrote Buell as follows:

HEADQUARTERS
DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE February 27, 1862.
Gen. D. C. Buell, Commanding Department of the Ohio:

I have been in the city since an early hour this morning, anxious and expecting to see you. When I first arrived I understood that you were to be over to-day, but it is now growing too late for me to remain longer.

If I could see the necessity for more troops here I would be most happy to supply them. My own impression is, however, that the enemy is not far north of the Tennessee River. I was anxious to know what information you had on the subject. . . . To-night I shall return to Fort Donelson, but will take up my headquarters at Clarksville the next day.

Should you deem the command under General Smith unnecessary to your security, I request that they be ordered back.

I am in daily expectation of orders that will require all my available force.

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding.

Two things are to be noted of this letter. It was the first official paper signed by Grant as *Major-General*, so far as the war records disclose.

Secondly, it is dated at "Headquarters District of West Tennessee, Nashville," and is addressed to General Buell, "commanding department of the Ohio, whose department was located east of the Cumberland; thus showing that Grant considered Nashville in his district, as it had been captured under his orders, and was west of the Cumberland.

On Grant's return in the evening, his boat touched at Edgfield (opposite Nashville), and he there met and conversed a few moments with General Buell. Grant repeated to Buell his conviction that the enemy was hastening south and would not return; but General Buell insisted, with some spirit, that he "knew" there was danger of an attack. Grant replied: "I do not know, but this is my information."

The truth was, the enemy was then forty or fifty miles distant and hastening to get south of the Tennessee River into Alabama and Mississippi.

The reader will observe that the author has allowed these actors to speak for themselves, believing that the story is thus more graphic than any generalization of his own; and the story told in their own official writings at the time, long hid away in the archives of the war office, establish the facts beyond cavil; indeed many of them would be discredited if they rested merely upon the assertion of the historian.

On his return to Donelson, being absent but one day and two nights, Grant employed himself as usual with his army, and anxiously awaited orders from Halleck for further operations.

There was much confusion in the transmission of dispatches from Cairo, through which everything came. They were detained on the way from two and three days to as many weeks, some at Paducah, some at Smithland. Some of the dispatches were lost in attempts to send them part of the way over "a rickety telegraph line" (as Sherman called it), the operator at the end of the line having deserted his post and carried the dispatches south. There seemed to linger in Halleck's mind the desire to supersede Grant, and we find him anon casting about for the new man.

One is amazed to find him, the next day after he received the glad tidings of Grant's marvelous victory at Donelson, renew his plotting for that General's overthrow or supersession, and yet such was the fact.

On the 18th of February he wrote General Buell at Louisville, urging him in almost supplicating tones to "come down to the Cumberland and take command. The battle of the West is to be fought in that vicinity. You should be in it as the *ranking General in immediate command*. Don't hesitate. Say that you will come and I will have everything for you."

Up to that time Buell had not shown himself possessed of the slightest

ability on the battlefield, in fact, had not been in any battle of this war. Grant had well proven his capacity as a field General. On the next day, Halleck again found leisure from other duties to return to the subject; and without waiting for any answer from Buell, telegraphed to General McClellan at Washington: "I think Hunter



CAPT. C. C. CLOUTMAN,
Who fell at Donelson.

will consent to go under me and command the central column. If not, leave him where he is."

First it was Hitchcock, then Buell, now Hunter.

CHAPTER XL.

HOW BEAUREGARD AND HALLECK AMUSED THEMSELVES WHILE GRANT AWAITED ORDERS.

While Grant was thus delayed and held from moving, there was in progress of enactment a bit of what now seems to us a farce of another sort,

which illustrates how easily Halleck could be deceived and his fears could be played upon, and how unfit he was for command in the field. A great theoretical strategist, and yet quite destitute of *stratagems*.

We have seen that immediately upon the fall of Donelson, Beauregard had reported to President Davis that unless evacuated, Columbus would speedily suffer the fate of Donelson; and that on the next day the Confederate secretary of war ordered General Polk to evacuate Columbus. Instantly the work began, and it was urged with all the energy which the alarm of the Donelson tragedy could inspire. Steamers came up from Memphis to carry away the war material.

General Grant, at the remote point of Donelson, learned that Columbus had been ordered evacuated, and sent a dispatch to Halleck, saying: "Orders have been given for the evacuation of

Columbus." But Halleck treated the information with indifference. Possibly he regarded it as a bit of impertinence in Grant to send such incredible information from the interior of Tennessee, when Columbus was almost within sight of Cairo, literally under his own eyes, and how could *he* be mistaken? He was in a state of great excitement, and in fear of an attack from Columbus, hastened all available forces to Paducah and Cairo.

On the 23d General Fry telegraphed Halleck from Louisville:

General Buell wants boats to transport a large division up the Cumberland River. Send all the large Ohio River boats from Cairo . . . to Louisville so they will reach here to-morrow night.

To which the irate and excited Halleck sent this reply:

I cannot understand how you can want boats sent to Louisville to transport troops up the Cumberland. We have no transports to spare. On the contrary, I have asked Assistant Secretary Scott to send down all he can spare from the Ohio.

This was a specimen of the "cooperation" between Halleck and Buell. It was also an exhibition of the *manners* and *temper* of Halleck when excited.

To successfully evacuate so great a fortress as Columbus, with all its tremendous armament and material of war, required the greatest energy and skill on the part of the Confederate Commanders, being situated only twenty miles from Cairo, on an open river, subject to attack any day by the Federal fleet. It was necessary for them to use every stratagem and expedient to deceive Halleck, and in this art the wily little Frenchman (Beauregard) was an adept and knew well how to excite Halleck's fears.

As soon as the work of evacuation was well under way (February 21st), Beauregard wrote an elaborate dispatch, addressed in a formal way, to General Van Dorn, who was far away in Northwest Arkansas, saying, amongst other extravagant things:

If you can join me at New Madrid or Columbus with 10,000 men we could take the field with 40,000; take Cairo, Paducah, the



MONUMENT ERECTED TO GENERAL GRANT AT GALENA, ILL., BY CITIZENS, IN 1885.

mouths of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, and most probably, also, would be able to capture St. Louis. What say you to this brilliant programme?

And then to make the scare more effective, he cunningly adds a postscript saying: "I expect also the coöperation of twelve gunboats from New Orleans."

At this time Van Dorn was 200 miles west in the wilds of Northwest Arkansas, preparing for the approaching battle with Curtis at Pea Ridge, and the trick ought to have been instantly detected by Halleck as a sham. But it was not. Beauregard sent the decoy dispatch by a courier across Southern Missouri, instead of by the safe route of interior Arkansas, and managed to have it captured by Federal cavalry on the way, and when it reached Halleck, in St. Louis, he was so paralyzed with apprehension that all aggressive work was suspended in preparation to meet this fancied invasion by Beauregard and Van Dorn.

To understand what a palpable fraud this was, a fraud deemed fair in war, read what Beauregard said the same day, before writing the foregoing pretentious dispatch and "brilliant programme" to Van Dorn.

He had sent off to the Governors of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, urgent letters for aid telling them the terrible straits the Confederacy was in, saying:

The fall of Fort Donelson, with large loss of officers, men, arms, and munitions, have so weakened us . . . that Nashville can only be held by superhuman energy, determination and courage. The direct communication of the forces at Columbus with those under Gen. A. S. Johnston is broken, and the two armies effectually isolated from each other. . . . The position at Columbus is so endangered from a land approach that its fall must be regarded as certain unless extraordinary efforts are made to reinforce its present small army of occupation. I need not dwell upon the consequences of such a disaster. Suffice it to say it would involve the immediate loss to the Confederate states of the Mississippi River and valley.

In view of the situation I am instructed to evacuate Columbus and take up less vulnerable positions in the vicinity of Island No. 10 and at New Madrid. In the execution of this measure, however, much will depend on the energy with which our enemy may follow up his late successes, and whether he will give us time to withdraw and receive his onset elsewhere.

Columbus is now occupied by about 12,000 men of all arms.

This expressed the true situation, and is in amusing contrast with the Van Dorn dispatch, prepared for Halleck's benefit.

HALLECK FRIGHTENED.

Halleck suddenly became greatly alarmed lest the Confederates at Columbus should attack Cairo. In his excitement he telegraphed Buell, saying:

Beauregard threatens to attack either Cairo or Paducah. I must be ready for him. Don't stop any troops ordered down the Ohio. We want them all. Help me, I beg of you.

To his Chief of Staff, whom he had sent to Cairo, he telegraphed:

Act in my name, and assume command over any and all. A large force passed Memphis four days ago—fifteen steamers loaded with troops—to reinforce Columbus. Look out for an attack on Cairo or Paducah. Get ready for them. We must be ready for them.

Halleck became still more frightened and more excited. He telegraphed again to Buell:

Reinforcements have reached Columbus and steamers have fired up for a move against us! Don't stop any reinforcements coming down. . . . They are bound to attack us somewhere from Columbus. Show this to Scott.

To Cullum he again telegraphed, the same day:

All troops at Smithland or on the Ohio River should come to Paducah or Cairo. Countermand, in the name of the Secretary of War, all orders issued by General Buell or any one else about the troops halting or going to Kentucky.

And a few hours later he again wired:

Look out for Columbus. Hold all troops ready for an attack on Paducah or Cairo. Fifteen steamers loaded with troops from New Orleans have reached Columbus.

The same day, to General McClellan, he said:

Columbus has been strongly reinforced from New Orleans. They have steam up on all their boats, ready for a move—probably on Cairo. This will make it necessary for me to withdraw a part of my force from Forts Henry and Donelson. So send me more troops.

McClellan answered: "The enemy has no force at New Orleans that he can spare to reinforce Columbus." And again: "The enemy will not attack you."

Same day to Assistant Secretary of War Scott, Halleck telegraphed:

If General Buell will come down and help me with all possible haste, we can end the war in the West in less than a month.

The same day to Sherman, at Paducah:

Don't let any troops go South to Kentucky, but hurry them down to Paducah and Cairo. Look out sharp for a movement from Columbus.

McClellan, at Washington, was able to understand better. He telegraphed Halleck on the 20th: "I think Cairo is not in danger. I think Columbus will be evacuated within a week."

HALLECK SEEKS ENLARGED COMMAND.

But there seems to have been some "method in his madness," for under the pressure of this alarm Halleck sought his own promotion. Within two hours from the moment he heard of the fall of Donelson he telegraphed McClellan at Washington: "Give me command in the West. I ask this in return for Forts Henry and Donelson."

On the 19th he again telegraphed: "Give me the Western Division and I will split Secession in twain in one month."

It was an enlarged command, to include Buell's army, which he sought.

A few days later he renewed his importunities to McClellan, saying: "I must have command of the armies in the West. Hesitation and delay are losing us the golden opportunity. Lay this before the President and Secretary of War. May I assume command? Answer quickly."

McClellan responded promptly and rather sarcastically the next day, saying:

Buell, at Bowling Green, knows more of the state of affairs than you do at St. Louis. . . . I cannot see necessity of giving you entire command. . . . I shall not lay your request before the Secretary until I hear definitely from Buell."

Instantly Halleck laid his own appeal before the Secretary of War, by wire, in the following energetic form:

One whole week has been lost already by hesitation and delay. There was, and I

think still is, a golden opportunity to strike a fatal blow, but I can't do it unless I can control Buell's army."

To this Secretary Stanton replied on the following day:

Your telegrams of yesterday have been laid before the President, who, after full consideration, does not think any change . . . at present advisable. He desires and expects you and General Buell to cooperate fully and zealously with each other."

Thus ended for the time, Halleck's clamor for an enlarged command and for the control of all the armies in the West. His scheme was a good one, for the indifferent "cooperation" between himself and Buell was ruinous.

HALLECK'S FAILURE — THE EVACUATION OF COLUMBUS.

So hurried were their proceedings and so alarmed were they about an early attack, that Beauregard and Polk, on the 21st of February, ordered the outlying camps in rear of Columbus destroyed, and Colonel T. H. Lagmood, who was sent to execute the order, reported: "I have destroyed the railroads as well as I could within five miles south of Mayfield to Fulton station. All the bridges are destroyed as far as Viola. I destroyed the engine and some of the cars. As directed by you" (General Polk), "I set fire to that camp;" (Camp Beauregard).

These acts of destruction—burning camps, railway cars, and bridges, and tearing up railway tracks—must have been open and visible to everybody, and quite notorious; and there must have been many things going on in the removal and shipment of material from Columbus that should have been known to Halleck. Yet, quite strange it now seems, he could not be convinced, and would not believe what Grant wrote him, or what McClellan assured him, and what could be easily seen; did not send a scouting party to reconnoitre; but remained on the defensive, waiting for an attack; and on the 28th he wrote Buell, saying: "Columbus is not evacuated. It has been reinforced. They are mounting more guns there and at Island No. 10."

What incomprehensible, what fatal obtuseness! Every hour the work of evacuation had been progressing, and on the 2d of March, General Polk sent off to the Confederate Secretary of War the following triumphant dispatch:

COLUMBUS, March 2, 1862.
The work is done. Columbus gone. Self and staff move in half an hour. Everything secured. L. POLK.

In his more elaborate report, Polk says:

Upon receipt of instructions from the War Department to evacuate Columbus (February 19th), I proceeded to arrange a plan and to execute it with as much celerity as the safety of my command and the security of the public property at risk would allow. . . .

The last shipment of value was made on the 1st. I remained with the cavalry until the next day, and the quarters and other buildings erected by our troops were consigned to the flames by our cavalry, and at 3 P. M. (20th March) myself and staff followed. . . . The enemy's cavalry, the first of his forces to arrive after the evacuation, reached Columbus in the afternoon next day, twenty-four hours after the last of our troops had left.

We had removed the accumulations of six months, taking with us all our commissary and quartermaster's stores, an amount sufficient to supply my whole command for eight months; all our powder and other

ammunition and ordnance stores . . . and every heavy gun in the fort. . . . The whole number of pieces of artillery composing our armament was one hundred and forty. L. POLK.

Major-General Commanding.

Halleck suffered the herculean task of evacuation to go quietly on for more than ten days, *within twenty miles of Cairo*, while he had more than 75,000 idle men within easy reach of it, one-half of whom could have been moved against the place. Caught in the act of evacuating the position, 15,000 or 20,000 men would have been ample to capture Polk's *entire* army and material.

He stood paralyzed by the shallowest deception and stratagem of his opponent, and let everything escape him; suffering only a handful of cavalry (400), to cautiously enter the abandoned position *twenty-four hours after the enemy had departed!*

And yet this did not discredit him. He was honest. He was an admirable bureau officer. He had reduced chaos to order in Missouri; and he was a terror to thieves and evil-doers.

(To be continued.)



DAYBREAK.

THE grey dawn streaks the eastern skies—

The night's dense curtain lifting;

The wind, it comes in broken sighs

The long black shadows shifting.

The clouds hang low upon the moor—

The far-off sea is sobbing;

The waves are kissing the wild shore,

The dawn with pity throbbing.

The weary watch at length is past—

The awful night of waiting;

The sweet lips stir in prayer—their last—

Th' Eternal Day is breaking!

Pearl Marie Dunn.

A VAGABOND FROM EUROPE.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

BY HARRY EDWARD MILLER.

THOUGH the subject of this paper is an inhabitant of all Europe, it is designated throughout the United States and Canada as the English sparrow; and, indeed, it is doubtful if we shall ever call the bird rightly, the European house sparrow. Our name for the bird arose at the period when members of his tribe were being imported from England, and the title has clung with unusual persistence to the individual ever since.

More than twenty centuries before the introduction of this sparrow into America, it was recognized by Aristotle as a menace to mankind, while in every century after this Greek philosopher, observers have been alarmed over the bird's numerous depredations. These warnings should have been considered before the sparrow was brought to the United States, to become a most obnoxious addition to our nomenclature.

Some gentlemen, who imagined that our foliage would be saved from destruction by caterpillars, had eight pairs of the European house sparrow sent from England to this country in 1850; and this was the beginning of the parasite's existence on the Western continent. By 1864 they were permanently established in Quebec; and in 1869 the city of Philadelphia made a single importation of 1,000 birds. From the last dates given up to 1875, they were rapidly introduced into various towns and cities of the United States and Canada. Every encouragement that could be given to the stranger was freely tendered by the "sparrow enthusiasts" of America; while our European cousins looked on with wondering and amazement, as shipments of the nuisances were being continually expressed to Brother Jonathan's much humbugged country.

With all the generous protection afforded him, the English sparrow began at once to be no longer a rarity. When we consider that nearly every variety of food sustains him, contrary to the habits of the many native birds, we have found a principal cause explaining why the birds are so abundant. Moreover, there has never been, perhaps, a bird which more easily adapts itself to all climatic conditions than the house sparrow, whether in the Canadian winters with the thermometer at 30° below zero, or in the summerland of the gulf states.

Wherever this sparrow has located he seems to exist in defiance of all heat and cold, and to thrive whatever be the character of the weather. Then it is no surprise to learn that with all these conditions in his favor, coupled with his marvelous powers of fecundation, the sparrow was established in thirty-five States and five Territories, by the year 1886. From 1880 to 1885 the plague spread more than 500,760 square miles; and in the year 1886 alone, over 516,500 square miles. Of the new country invaded between 1870 and 1886, the bird annually occupied, when an average is taken, more than 59,000 square miles, a section about equal to the combined areas of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut. Never in all the history of ornithology has a bird increased so speedily as the English sparrow in the United States.

The introduction of this parasite into America was opposed by intelligent naturalists, not to forget many foreign residents who know how worthless the bird is to the European country. Yet, regardless of these objections and in spite of all the warnings from England and Germany, our "sparrow enthusiasts"

asts" not only persisted in bringing the vagabonds from Europe to our shores, but had laws enacted for their especial welfare. Any one who injured a house sparrow at that time was considered as a public malefactor. But within recent years there has been such a change of sentiment that it has now become a misdemeanor to intentionally harbor the English sparrow in the State of New York, while Ohio and Michigan come forth to place a bounty upon the bird's head. But apparently, all these good intentions have come too late, as the sparrow seems to be a foe that can never be driven from America.

Many readers will have no difficulty in recalling the "sparrow craze," which swept like an epidemic over this country. And the less a man was acquainted with ornithology the more enthusiastic he became over the supposed economical value of the birds, until, as a culminating result of the mania, the English sparrows were sold for such a price in New York City that many found it not so expensive to import the "rats of the air." These birds were of inestimable worth to certain Americans three or four decades ago! To-day we would be rid of all their descendants.

As an illustration of the English sparrow's pleasant reception when he arrived on America's shores, the well meaning people of Cambridge, Mass., erected a dozen sparrow houses to every pair of those birds in their city. It seems never to have occurred to those who so eagerly assisted the house sparrow in becoming acclimated on the Western continent that the American birds needed their esteem and protection far more than this parasitic alien. For the first twenty years after the sparrows arrived in the new world, they probably received more recognition than has been given to the native birds in all the years before or since.

While to many people it has at last become apparent that the English sparrow is no longer deserving of respectful attention, they yet believe that his

uselessness has been exaggerated, and that if his presence in America is causing any serious alarm, it is only to a few old foggy naturalists. Let us see if their suppositions have a foundation of truth.*

The European sparrow destroys garden vegetables, and nearly every variety of fruit, as grapes, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, apples, currants, pears, plums, tomatoes, blackberries, peaches, figs, gooseberries, mulberries, apricots, corn, peas, lettuce, radish, cauliflower, carrots, beets and cabbage. This is but a partial list of his destructions; and not only does he injure the ripe or ripening fruit and vegetables, but their buds and blossoms suffer from his vandalism. Such shade trees as the maple, elm and evergreen have millions of their buds and blossoms made useless by the same plague. Unwilling to confine his operations to the orchards and gardens, flocks of English sparrows visit the grain fields, there to injure wheat, oats, rye, barley, field corn, sorghum, rice and buckwheat. Early in 1817 it was estimated that the house sparrows of France annually consumed 10,000,000 bushels of wheat. If this grain was worth not more than 10 cents a bushel at that time in France, the country yearly suffered to the extent of a million dollars from the devastation in the wheat fields by this bird. If the sparrow was so destructive to one grain, what would be the sum when other grains are considered?

Both Australia and New Zealand having imported the European house sparrow not many years since, are now slaying the birds by every possible means,

*Just here the writer wishes to call attention to that valuable work on the English sparrow issued in 1889 by the United States Department of Agriculture. It is entitled "The English sparrow in North America," and was prepared by Walter B. Barrows, assistant ornithologist, under the direction of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, ornithologist. The statements presented in this volume of 405 pages are conclusive, since hundreds of observers acknowledge this sparrow to be the enemy of man. The work is probably the most complete of any volume ever devoted to the habits of one bird, and so it has been found of important assistance in the preparation of this paper.

though [their strenuous opposition against the scourge seems to be most unsuccessful. Australia has found that the sparrow is a most serious plague, and as hard to combat as the countless rabbit's swarming over her dominions.

As has been remarked, the English sparrow was brought across the Atlantic because many imagined that great hordes of insects would thereby be destroyed; and we yet have citizens, though they are becoming more and more scarce, who ludicrously assert the bird to be invaluable for this particular reason. If such people observe the English sparrow around the grain fields, the fruit trees, or the gardens, they at once conclude without looking farther that the bird is waging terrible havoc among the insect tribes; and, undoubtedly, it would be difficult to convince these individuals of their false reasoning.

Be it said to the bird's credit that a few insects are dispatched by him, and be it also said to his credit that in seeking the grain fields he destroys some seeds of noxious weeds. But not all the insects deprived of life by him are hurtful to agriculture; and with all his great variety of food, insects do not comprise more than *three per cent*. This has been abundantly proven by the government department of entomology, which dissected for the purpose a half thousand English sparrows from many sections of the United States. Where other food is plentiful, I have doubts as to the bird using even this small percentage of insects, since all these birds that I have observed seemed never to include the food described in their diet. Worse than all, the house sparrow is continually driving away from man's habitation such birds as the flycatchers, whose habits are entirely insectivorous. Says a high authority on this scourge from Europe: "The English sparrow is a curse of such virulence that it ought to be systematically destroyed, before it becomes necessary to deplete the public

treasury for the purpose, as has been done in other countries."

From many records, which interested students have gathered, it has been ascertained that the house sparrow molests over seventy species of our native birds, by destroying their nests, eggs, and young, driving them away from feeding grounds, and annoying them in every conceivable manner. Many American songsters withstand the rowdy, until he hastily gathers his companions around him and mobs the inoffensive bird without delay.

This is the particular reason accounting for the defeat of plucky birds like the purple martin, house wren, and bluebird. Not dissimilar to the cowardly wolf, the house sparrow is most courageous when he far outnumbers his opponent; and although the latter may struggle with commendable valor, he must at least yield to the superior strength of the European vagabonds. Even the kingbird, which can usually defeat a half-dozen English sparrows in a single battle, is rapidly succumbing before the increase of these usurpers, which not alone drive other birds from the parks, dooryards, and gardens, but threaten before many decades to monopolize all the fields and woods.

The only martin colony which I know as yet remaining in a certain part of the Empire State is in a large bird house, which apparently has been the scene of a compromise, as half of the dwelling is occupied by martins, and the remainder by English sparrows. To the regret of every bird lover, the purple martins are disappearing year after year. If such birds as these are not permitted to nest around man's dwelling they migrate to some locality where the house sparrows are not yet in authority, if a locality thus favored is to be found. The same is true of the barn and eave swallows. The bluebird, though very courageous, no longer rears his young with confidence around our habitations, since he is unable to cope with the foreign tyrant. And that master of bird

musicians, the mockingbird, suffers from the attacks of the merciless house sparrow, who is without doubt jealous when he compares his discordant notes with those of a genuine musician.

A ramble in Central Park, New York, or Lincoln Park, Chicago, will leave the impression that the only birds of America are the English sparrows. By the presence of these vagrants we are not only losing some of our most beautiful songsters from around the parks and dooryards, but the birds most highly prized as insect destroyers are slowly being driven into the woods and fields.

This matter of a bird's economical value will be recognized when it is reported that a pair of thrushes during a period of three weeks will feed their nestlings over 12,600 insects. For a week's family supplies, a pair of sparrows (not English), says an observer, will require 3,360 caterpillars, or 13,440 in a month's time. Another student of nature writes: "From observations made in Paris it is calculated that a single titmouse destroys more than two hundred thousand eggs of abnoxious insects every year. Could the wisest agency of man accomplish this?" If it were necessary, a thousand examples could substantiate the ones presented to prove the incalculable worth of our birds.

When in one year a single species of the insect tribe damaged the agriculture of the Mississippi valley to the extent of a hundred million dollars, we can see why nature has wisely ordained that the feathered population should be the greatest opponent of such ravages, which would devastate the earth were it not for the presence of the birds.

Not many years ago the great-northern shrike, which comes from the north during the late fall to spend its winters with us, invaded the parks of Boston with unusually large numbers. The shrike is one of the few birds known to slay the English sparrow; consequently these parasites began to experience a sudden decrease in their population.

The excited park authorities, without the least hesitation, employed a gunner to destroy the shrikes; and thus was their dearly beloved English sparrow guarded from the northern marauder, and thus did they slaughter their friend and magnanimously cherish the enemy. Both the screech owl and sparrow hawk are partial to a house sparrow diet; and yet when either of these birds ventures around the farm buildings or into a village, they do so with the liability of being despatched by a gun or rifle, since a most unreasonable prejudice exists against all hawks and owls, no matter if they are entirely harmless.

Remaining around the towns and dwellings, the European house sparrow is more protected from storms, and escapes many a danger confronting the field and wood birds.

The motto of the house sparrow is to "live and learn," that is, live as a parasite, and learn to observe any movements which may lessen his tribe. Like the crow in his contact with civilization, the English sparrow has become a most sagacious individual by associating with man for centuries—a truth most particularly known to whoever has tried to diminish them by trapping, shooting, poisoning, or in any manner whatever.

There are at least two methods of driving out these pests; one by destroying all the accessible nests and eggs, and the other by using firearms to keep the birds from their food supplies. A garden or lawn hose is a most effective weapon for the destruction of house sparrow nests, and for making the birds' roosting quarters undesirable. If that army of small boys, which starts out over the country every spring to gather all the birds' eggs in their neighborhood, could only be enlisted for a warfare against the English sparrows, the action would then be of some benefit to their country. What we need in every village and city of America is a society for the protection of all valuable birds, and a destroyer

of all such parasites as the vagabond from Europe. Where a town has a village improvement society, a special committee should be appointed for the welfare of our harmless birds, and a warfare against the English sparrow. Such a committee, by coöperating with townsmen, could have bird houses erected, and then by preventing unlawful interference with their nests and eggs, the full confidence of the winged children would soon be gained. Another important action of the committee would be the circulation of ornithological literature, which, in disseminating worthy principles, is slowly causing an increasing love and respect for the birds.

Sparrow pies are now becoming a feature of the restaurants, and we are told their flesh is superior to quail, and that when the birds have fed on grain they are equal to the reed-bird—the truth is, sparrows are not infrequently brought before the restaurant diner, who imagines that he is being served to reed-birds. It has been found, by gun clubs, that the English sparrow forms a more accurate test of skilled marksmanship than pigeons, and so another stimulus has arisen which bodes ill for this foreign scavenger.

A great number of our states and territories have withdrawn from their statute books all protection to the house sparrow; and as was stated before, New York is trying to stay this nuisance by making it a misdemeanor for anyone who intentionally gives these birds food or shelter. The bounties offered by Ohio and Michigan have thus far proved to be ineffective measures, probably because they offer insufficient inducements for the killing of the birds.

In Indianapolis, after 40,000 English sparrows were killed in two years, they were still abundant. This enormous increase of sparrows has led to the organization of sparrow clubs in parts of the United States and Europe, whose purpose is to employ every possible

method for the bird's extermination. To give an idea of the work carried out by these organizations, an excerpt from a newspaper is given concerning Shakespeare's native village. At the time the clipping was made the town of his birth held a population of 8,000:

The Honorary Secretary of the Stratford-upon-Avon Sparrow Club reports that during the last year (1887) over 19,000 birds have been killed. The club pays 3d. per dozen for heads of all sparrows destroyed, and over £23 has been paid in this way during the year. The common sparrow is held to be destructive to farmers' crops, and the club was formed for the purpose of keeping down the number of these birds. About 20,000 a year is the average number destroyed in the neighborhood of Stratford-upon-Avon.

For all the worthlessness of the English sparrow, there are many who oppose exterminating the bird, simply because they "like to see them around." Such opposition reminds us of the hunter who would not despatch the rattlesnakes around his cabin for the same reason. Then we must remember another class, who, though they would gladly murder a thousand rats and mice, yet look upon interference with the "rats of the air" as an act of inhumanity. And there are even women who would regard a widespread decrease among the English sparrows as something only to be associated with barbarism, while they are never alarmed in the least over the wholesale carnage of native birds to supply the demands of fashionable bonnets! If the American birds—no country has a richer heritage of birds—could only have a little of their misdirected sympathy, we might be enabled to crush this heartless custom of wearing feathers, which, as an enemy of bird life alone, demands that no year shall pass until from five to ten million innocent lives have been sacrificed in the United States, without considering the enormous slaughter carried on in the European countries.

For all the English sparrow has been proven so harmful, many will wonder if he has no commendable features, which, to some extent, will tranquilize his savage conduct. Anyone with this thought will be disappointed when he

examines the bird's dirty plumage, and listens to its harsh and monotonous voice. The discordant chatter is continued incessantly from the time the birds awake until they are asleep; and to sick people, around whose windows they congregate, as well as to everyone with a musical ear, the sound is most disagreeable. Their ceaseless discord drowns the notes of song-birds, and I wonder that our minstrels have the heart to sing when such harshness surrounds them; though be it said that the house sparrow rises not over early, thus giving the true songsters an opportunity for a few matins before being interrupted by these rowdies.

There was once a man who pretended to have an ear for fish horns, and there are also certain people who assert that they derive more or less pleasure from the chatter of the parasite sparrows. If their ears are thus constituted, they will surely enjoy a fulness of this burlesque on music.

If we listen with more particularity, we shall find that by variations of his notes the sparrow gives expression to fright, anger, joy, and warning, while they serve, likewise, as a conveyance for all his other thoughts. His utterances are the loudest when the bird is indulging in his favorite occupation—fighting.

Whoever has witnessed the courtship of this brawler of the streets must have been somewhat amused at the bird's rough manners. No matter how responsive the female may become, the male continues to treat her as if she was arrayed, like the kingbird, in a deadly battle against him. Sometimes a pack of males squabble very fiercely for the possession of a lady bird, when the cause of the melee generally escapes from the rowdies before she is treated in the manner of a common enemy, for in the battle she is usually dragged about with very little regard for the sex of her ladyship. And yet I cannot say that the essence, or what has been styled the essence, of woman

suffrage is entirely lacking with the birds, since I have seen these actions of courtship reversed, with the male meekly submitting to unladylike treatment from the female. There has been described to me an encounter between two female sparrows, who asserted their ownership to a particular male, while, with unusual enjoyment, the said gallant sat near by, watching the struggle and occasionally interposing a word of encouragement for the one or the other of the amazons.

The European house sparrow is more prolific than any American bird, thus explaining why our cities and towns are swarming with their numbers. The vagabond from Europe will deposit as many as six sets of eggs in one year, ranging from four to seven to the set, while the native birds rear one or two broods, averaging not over five eggs to each complement. It has been recorded that a female English sparrow once deposited thirty-five eggs in thirty-five days. A few warm days during the last of February will start the nesting season for the "rats of the air," while many of our most valuable birds do not bring forth their young before June. And, to present another contrast, let us take the bobolink, which is responsible for but a single brood of four or five young in one year, when, in the same time, a pair of English sparrows may be accountable for thirty of their tribe. It has been reckoned, if a pair of sparrows raise only twelve birds in a season, that, in a period of five years, there will be 33,614 birds, all the progeny of the original pair. This is a startling number, but the probabilities are that the real number is much greater than the estimate presented.

The sparrows are very attentive to their young, caring for them when they are at least three months old, and the youngsters appear entirely dependent at an age when the native birds are hunting for themselves.

The European house sparrow has an unconquerable love for the neighbor-

hood of man's dwelling, though, as their hordes increase, many are obliged to forage in the woods and grain-fields, where the stroller will discover them when he is a long distance from any residence. While the town is preferred, they have already become familiar around farm buildings, coming as a multitude of l custers, to bring destruction in their wake. During the spring and autumn, many leave the towns to visit the grain-fields, and at these seasons will often be seen flying in flocks at some distance from the ground.

If we are to reach any conclusion whatever upon this English sparrow subject, we can only entertain the thought of his extermination; and so nothing should be left undone until this is accomplished. When we consider the welfare of our songsters, which keep the earth's vegetation from being consumed by the insect tribes, we likewise consider the welfare of mankind; consequently it is a criminal offense to grant the least quarter to the "rats of the air."

THE END OF SOLITUDE.

A DWARFED and gnarled pine,
 Above the line
 Of all its courtly kind,
 Upon a mountain's barren summit grew,
 And all the fitful moods of nature knew—
 Hot sun and blasting wind.

In creviced rock, in dearth
 Of moistened earth
 And elemental food,
 It set its roots and searched for larger life.
 But wasted forth its substance scant in strife
 With storms, and found no good.

No pendant cones of green
 Were formed between
 Its crooked branches seamed,
 That rose like knotted hands in hopeless prayer.
 No building birds ere braved the blinding glare
 Of sun, and rocks that gleamed.

Alone mid granite piles,
 Obscured in miles
 Of lifeless, deadening brown,
 It lived and died, entombed at last to rest
 Within the mountain's cold and scraggy breast,
 Both seedless and unknown.

Barton O. Aylesworth.

FRANKLYN WARNER LEE.

BY JOHN TALMAN.

WITH one exception, the poet, novelist, playwright and newspaper man who died at Rush City, Minn., March 18, 1898, was the most considerable literary figure in Minnesota. That exception is a writer who follows to tally different and purely independent lines, and although more famous, is not, relatively speaking, more meritorious than the subject of this paper. To the public, naturally, Mr. Lee was merely a writer. To the inner circle of his acquaintance—which was very wide—he was much more. He was a man, in every conceivable sense of the word—brave, steadfast, strenuous, honorable, kind. Every day of his busy life did he defy and surmount difficulties that would appall one of less heroic texture. Incessant toil was his. Delicate and far from robust was the fleshly housing of his unconquered and unconquerable soul. The handicap of combined evils—of which ill health was almost a minor item—that ever oppressed him, far from breaking, actually spurred and strengthened the tameless spirit that never said die. For the last five of his few years, he realized every hour that a mortal disease had set its seal upon him. Not a murmur; not a groan. Nothing but that incessant toil; nothing but the same cheery word upon his lips, the same sunlight in his blue eyes, as he toiled. As we look back upon the brief but steady light of that incarnate radiance which the tomb's darkness has now quenched forever, there comes to mind the epitaph which some careless hand, not long ago, thrusting aside the moss and ivy of two generations, revealed in a Southern backwoods burying-ground—an epitaph eloquent as any in Westminster Abbey: "She wuz kind to everbuddy." In its obituary notice of Mr. Lee, one of the

St. Paul papers said: "There was more genuin manhood packed away in that little body than you often find in giants." The same issue contained this editorial paragraph, which says less than it implies:

In the death of Franklyn W. Lee disappears the visible personality of a potent factor in the literary life of St. Paul and the Northwest. Life at best is the hardest of battles—so hard, indeed, that to live sometimes requires ten times the courage necessary to die; and no man ever fought out his battle to the end, with all its alternating gains and losses, triumphs and defeats, more manfully than Lee did. Ill health, obstacles due both to temperament and circumstance—none of these, nor all of them combined, daunted that hopeful, persevering spirit. Cut off in the flower of his years at thirty-three, an age when most men have barely begun to achieve or deserve success, his taking away is a distinct loss to the literature of the West. Furthermore, it may be said of him—what can be truthfully affirmed of too few departures to the realm of eternal shadow—he is deeply and sincerely mourned as man and friend.

Another St. Paul journal, with which Mr. Lee had been connected several years, appended this to a notice of his successful authorship:

But above all, he was a clean, courteous, generous gentleman, a loving and faithful husband and a father who was a model to his offspring. His private life and personal habits were reflected in the lines of his simple verse, and he was in all things a true, good man. To his widow and orphaned children there will be extended that generous sympathy which he, when living, held for all of those who mourned.

And one of the Minneapolis papers said, O, so much! in these simple words: "In his heart there was nothing unworthy."

Heavy indeed is the task assumed by one who knew and loved him—not to lay, with overflowing heart and trembling hand, another wreath of appreciation upon the catafalque of his memory, but also to so divorce mind and emotion as to venture an estimate of his writings that may deserve the indorsement of those who come after.

Franklyn Warner Lee was born in New York City, June 16, 1864. At that

time his father, a Union soldier, was in the Confederate prison of Andersonville. His mother is Mrs. Mary Lee Tuttle, now of Menlo, Iowa; a lady of keen literary discernment, who has written a number of stories of considerable worth. The father was a boat captain, and young Franklyn, both by force of his surroundings and natural inclination, early acquired a strong

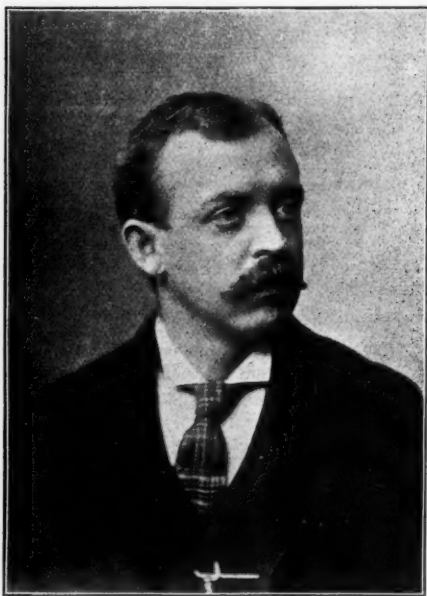
port of his mother and younger brother. He had from the first a fondness for writing, which was given vent in the field of amateur journalism, so he was well equipped for his duties as city editor of the Des Moines *Daily News* when that position fell to his hands.

It was in the Iowa capital that he formed the acquaintance of the girl who was to be his wife - Miss Marilla Up-

right. They were brought together as members of the Christomathean Society, and in December, 1886, at Omaha, they were married. Mrs. Lee, who, with a girl of ten and a boy of seven, survives her husband, has taken up his work as editor and publisher of the *Rush City Post*, with every augury of a successful career. This lady delivered the principal address at the dedication of the Minnesota building at the World's Fair. The pair were mutually helpful, and, it must be admitted, "chummy" to a degree seldom attained by married couples. Mr. Lee delighted in his children, and derived soothing and upbuilding companionship with them, impregnating their unfolding minds with odd, quaint ideas, and teaching them wisdom beyond their years.

In 1887 Mr. Lee removed to St. Paul to become paragrapher and general writer for the *Daily News*, which had just been established there. He followed

the vicissitudes of this sheet through its seven-year existence, when he took a position with the *St. Paul Dispatch*. Here, while at intervals bringing out books and stray poems and sketches in *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* and other magazines and in leading Western papers, he served as dramatic critic, railroad editor, interviewer and "feature" writer, forming an extended acquaintance, especially among stage folk. In 1896 Mr. Lee, in quest both of more independent station and better



FRANKLYN W. LEE.

liking for sea and stream, and much of his boyhood time was passed upon the noble Hudson. His ancestry was a mixture of Colonial, New Amsterdam and Spanish blood. At the age of fourteen he left the New York and Brooklyn public schools for the serious business of bread-winning. In 1881, with his widowed mother, he removed to the West, settling at Des Moines, where, for a time, he filled clerkships in different mercantile establishments. From this time on the boy was the sole sup-

health, removed to Rush City, where he had purchased *The Post*, a weekly; and there he remained till his death, having in that short time lifted his journal to the highest rank in the provincial press. Having several times been prostrated by periods of illness varying in duration, he succumbed to Nature's final decree on the 18th of March last. His death was a severe blow, not only to his immediate family, but to the "troops of friends" who found in his kindly, helpful, generous temperament a prop in many a trying hour, and who knew him most intimately and appreciated him most fully. The funeral, at Rush City, March 20th, was attended by delegations representing the St. Paul and Minneapolis Press Clubs, Free Masons, Elks, Knights Templar, Mystic Shriners, and Order of the Eastern Star, and by the Masons of Rush City and other Northern Minnesota and Western Wisconsin towns. The Episcopal service was read at the church, and the interment at Rush-seba cemetery was wholly under Masonic direction, newspaper men acting as pall-bearers.

A benefit performance was given for the poet's widow, at the Metropolitan opera house, St. Paul, on the afternoon of April 22d, which was, in some respects, the most successful, and, all things considered, the most notable, event of the character ever witnessed in the Northwest. Theatrical companies then playing engagements in St. Paul and Minneapolis, aided by amateur talent, volunteered their services in furnishing a highly attractive program, which comprised a short address on Mr. Lee and readings from his poems. This tribute to the author's memory was not only a token of warm admiration, but an act of grateful reciprocity, as Mr. Lee had on many occasions taken conspicuous part in entertainments of this kind.

Mr. Lee had many accomplishments in addition to his gifts as a writer. He was a rostrum entertainer in constant

demand, when his humorous monologues, recitations of his dialect and other poems, etc., supplied thronged auditoriums with pleasure keenly relished. He was a painter who attempted ambitious works, and was also a musician of fair ability, playing the mandolin, violin and other instruments.

To come to Franklyn Lee's real life-work, it must be said in the beginning that he was essentially a dreamer, idolatrously devoted to his ideals, and his main motive was a desire to appeal, through his pen, to the better nature of his fellow-man, to cheer and elevate some desponding and perhaps even sordid soul. He often said he felt perfectly satisfied if a single man, woman or child had been made happier or better through something he had written. Though in the closing part of his career identified with the Episcopal church, he was an ardent Theosophist, a believer in the literal brotherhood of man and the inevitable law of Karma. As a student and interpreter of the occult, he has left us in the story "Two Men and a Girl," published in 1892, a bit of the powerful witchery of "Trilby," with none of its grossness. Many glimpses of this tenuous and all but forbidden region does he give us throughout his published works, as in "The Field of Ardath," in his first volume of poems, "Dreamy Hours" (1890):

Sometimes a vague and shadowy thought is mine—

As of some life in which I ran my race;
A light, whose meanings mind will not define,
Breaks o'er me often when I see a face.
And Reason has a theory evolved

With which my soul has labored long in vain—

My dead self's mystery will ne'er be solved
Until I lie on Ardath's charmed plain.

This volume contains a number of domestic pieces suggestive of the simple pathos and tenderness of Eugene Field. For example, "Little Moccasined Feet" describes how the poet, sitting in silence and wooing a muse that persists in eluding him, finds the inspiration he seeks in the patter of the feet of his little daughter, who comes to him for a

kiss. One seldom chances upon a happier expression of parental solicitude coupled with the parental blessing than the closing stanza:

Two little moccasined feet -ah, me!
Where will they stray in the coming years?
Shall it be into a time less far,
Marring her life with a cloud of care?
God give her strength for what is to be,
Robbing her sky of its rain of tears,
Leading the trend of her simple life
Far from the world and its vulgar strife.

The following, from "Ready to Fight," is given as a specimen of Mr. Lee's lighter verse. It was his last poetical composition, and was recited with fine effect at the St Paul benefit by a niece of Edwin Booth:

They think we're kinder rusty, 'n air sure
thet Uncle Sam
Et fightin' modern battles won't be wuth a
tinker's dam;
But yer uncle's tough 'n wiry, 'n he knows a
trick er two
Thet'll put the smudgy faces in a red hot
Spanish stew.

We fit ter beat each other in the days
of '61.
'N found it hard to do it, fer the fightin' wuz
no fun;
But take us altergether, with an enemy like
Spain,
'N we'll give the thrones o' Europe an all-
fired pesky pain.

The following is quoted as a revelation of the spiritual and philosophical moods that often calmed the storms and salved the wounds of the poet's inner life. "Perpetuity" is the title:

The rose is dead, but who shall say
That, though its leaves have withered
quite,
The perfume has not found its way
To some new plane beyond our sight?

The strings are mute; but can we hold
That music is a fleeting breath,
By limits of our ken controlled
And subject to eternal death?

The lips are silent, and the eyes
Are blind to all that passes here;
But dare we say that in the skies
There is no other, better sphere?

Man knows but little, yet within
There lingers that which whispers thus:
"Death's but the point where we begin
The journey faith hath marked for us.

"The incense of the withered rose.
The music of the silent lute.
Have gone to where the eyes unclosed
And lips forget that they were mute."

Mr. Lee's first story, "Finlay Arnon's Fate," was published in book form in connection with his work on the amateur press, at the period when, at six-

teen and seventeen years of age, he began the composition of verse. In those days his rhymes occasionally appeared in the *New York Weekly* and other papers of that class. Later, the death of General Grant called forth a threnody which brought a letter of thankful appreciation from the widow of the great soldier. Our author's first ambitious novel, "A Shred of Lace," dealing with the folly which leads a woman to marry a man to reform him, appeared in 1891, as did also the story "Senator Lars Erikson," an exposition of the higher type of Scandinavians in the Northwest. The next year "Two Men and a Girl" was printed, "Mrs. Harding's Eyes" being included in the same book. By far his best novel, "Mam'selle Paganini," appeared in *Godey's Magazine* for January, 1894. It has been truthfully pointed out that this, his last, is fitted to rank with "The First Violin" and "Miss Traumerie" as a work of fiction based upon the subject of music and musicians.

Mr. Lee wrote one play, "The Star Gazer," a comedy, which was brought out in the autumn of 1894, and held the boards successfully two seasons. A posthumous drama is now in the hands of a leading eastern theatrical manager for early production. He likewise wrote the popular extravaganza "Ali Baba," at the instance of Manager Henderson of Chicago.

Mr. Lee's latest poetical publications were issued from his own press in 1896 and 1897, in the shape of five dainty and most artistically printed booklets: "Whispers of Wee Ones," child verse; "Lenten Verses," largely *vers de société*; "A Bundle of Rushes," dialect; "Hearts," love rhymes; and "The Sphinx of Gold," sonnets. The last, it seems to this commentator upon a life cut short long before its prime, will be eventually settled upon by general consent as the full flower of the genius, the cap sheaf of the attainments, of Franklyn Lee. Under the influence, presumably, of the poet's sense of the near-

ness of death that could not be deceived, these sonnets are almost unbrokenly religious of tone. Totally devoid of cant, dogma or a leaning toward any narrow churchly creed, they breathe a trustful reliance upon the boundless love and unswerving justice attributed to that Deity in whom the poet was a believer. But O, with what lashes and stillets for the hypocritical and innately base and unworthy do these carefully wrought fourteen-liners bristle! In them does the Pharisee find himself condemned with biting simile; the false pretender self-revealed by the glow of crisping accusation; the slanderer pilloried by sad reproach; the proud humbled by startling mirage of earth's vanities; the thoughtless warned of the time when the haunting hag Remorse shall shriek in his ear her words of doom—"Too late!" But this is not all the Sphinx has to utter when the seal of stillness upon her lips is broken. Her speech is more than silver. It is more golden than her age-long silence has been. It is tender. It throbs and burns with inspiration. It is mellow with love and sunny with hope immortal. More yet. It reflects the strength that is born of pain and chastisement; it presents the Alexander that springs from the womb of unmoaning endurance. Thus, "God's Monograms:"

Sad stories are the monograms of God.

The heart may sink beneath a weight of woe;

Disease may make the weary hours so slow
That mutiny is roused the while we plod;

Dead hopes may lie beneath a barren sod,
And all our fairest dreams, with their brave show,

In empty vapor fade. And yet, we know
That God is good and just; His chastening rod

Afflicts us sorely, but with kind intent:
For in the stripes His monogram appears

And stamps the soul with right development,
So that, when we set forth for higher spheres,

Each has a passport, by the Master sent,
To take him yonder, where there are no tears.

In the land, sea and sky of song, Lee—in mariner's phrase—"boxed the compass." He is suggestive of nearly all systems and epochs of modern French and English verse but one—the always

polished and painfully exact, but often bloodless, school of Dryden and Pope. He experimented along the entire line. Common forms were not enough for him. Ballade, rondeau, villanelle—he tried his hand at all and few were his failures. In body and sentiment, he ran the whole gamut, from the cynical numbers of Lang and the archaic quirks of Dobson back to the calm introspection of Wordsworth, the lusty swing of Béranger and the scampering grace of the graceless Villon. Like most other poets who affect variety, he produced much that was of little credit to himself, and some that positively shocked his more discriminating friends. He turned out dialect verse—that syntactic monstrosity ever akin to coarseness, even in the most dextrous hands—that sank (or should we say rose?) to the level of doggerel. In more than one of his serious poems there is an unpleasant flavor of artificiality, with manner, rather than matter, the chief concern; and, at times, one is found to be disappointing, if not weak, at the end, and inferior to what comes before—a fatal blemish that every careful workman guards against.

But, in the scales of impartial judgment, the faults of Lee weigh lightly when offset by his merits. Like Shelley, he taught in song what he had learned in suffering. His genius was predominantly lyrical. The patient care, the tenderness, the devotion, the fidelity and the self-sacrifice of the ideal father and husband live in his domestic poems. He probed the human heart with skill and power. The spirit of truth, the elixir of inspiration, the vim of manliness, the shield of clean-mindedness, the flash and mellowness of wit and humor, the pursuit of high ideals and the guiding star of correct principle vivify and adorn his representative verse. Much that he wrote was trifling and ephemeral; but from the dross will Time, the keen-eyed assayer, ultimately rescue some few grains of gold to serve

for the permanent enrichment of Western literature.

The chill of the March morning and noontide had softened to a grateful breeze when in the waning afternoon we circled the open grave of Franklyn Lee. Persian rugs not warmer to the feet than the long, slender blades of faded grass that covered the prairie breast of Rushseba, dotted with tiny oaks where rustled the sparse, dead leaves of winter's grey and brown. Nature smiled in possession and prophecy — glad to welcome deep in her bosom at once prodigal son returned and lover true, and prophetic of delicious Junes to be. There he lay. O, heedless world! Did you realize what you had lost? With you he fought what you termed a losing battle. Not so. His, and his alone, the victory. In the retort of that brain the wall of anguish turned to Amphion harmonies that will solace and delight when he who passed by upon the other side is less than a memory. Only the bleeding heart can really sing. When you, O, heartless world! deigned to think of him, you pitied him, no doubt. How very kind! But far sincerer and more constant was the pity he felt for you. One thing more. Let it scorch your conscience with the searing brand of irretrievable regret. Let it pierce the thick, bristly shell of your self-seeking like an electric cautery. He gave you something else in superabundance which you never thought it worth while to bestow upon him — love. In visions that came at

will the poet had hidden and unfailling sources of strength and joy that must forever be a sealed book to the thoughtless and unfeeling. He worshiped in the temple where reigns the triune divinity of Truth, Beauty and Purity, and from his orisons at that altar he arose endowed with the power and courage to climb mountains and storm fortresses.

And still the words of the Past Grand Master flowed on, rich with the oil of consolation and the wine of hope for reunion in a life more satisfying than this. Our dead spoke again to whomsoever chose to listen — we knew not whether from the pearly mists of oblivion eternal, or from a sphere that vibrates at the bursts of such music as it cannot be given earth to hear: "Friends, if you but knew how glorious it is to be here you would not mourn!" Then returned to mind the figure of the angel of death limned in the swan song of Paul Hamilton Hayne — that sublime picture of euthanasia:

Through the splendor of stars impearled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world on world,
With the souls in his strong embrace.
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of death grow sweet
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat.
And I, earth's madness above,
'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the lustre of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

And the heart and voice of the believer joined fervently in response to the declarations of the burial ritual of that noblest of brotherhoods, so blunting the sting and heightening the majesty of death: "So mote it be!"

THE POTTER'S CLAY.

UPON the potter's flying wheel the clay
Knows not the purpose of its plasmic day.
So we upon this blindly-whirling sphere
Are shaped to ends which do not yet appear.

James B. Kenyon.

MRS. BROWN OF BROWNSVILLE.

A LAKESIDE ROMANCE.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

I.

LAKE *Chumniuhndazipi*:

I defy the most learned American ethnologist to pronounce it in the exact guttural accent of the Sioux who named it.

As it is spoken, however, by the people of the neighborhood, and the "summer resorters," who flock to its hotels and camping places, every warm season, the name has a pretty and romantic sound.

There is an Indian legend connected with the lake, too, a nebulous story of an ancient battle between the Sioux and Chippewas, in which scores of the most famous warriors of either tribe fell upon its shores.

Hence the name *Minni-chumni-uhndazipi*, groaning waters, or the lake of sighs.

It is a beautiful, triangular strip of water, with some thirty odd square miles of surface, a picturesque shoreline, and fine groves of natural oak and elm. There are miles of gravel beach, and little capes and promontories which, with its deep waters, make the lake a veritable gem set in the prairie. It is, in fact, one of the most attractive of the many lakes which draw the summer idler west of the Mississippi. There are roomy hotels and whole villages of pretty cottages scattered about at the chief point of attraction. The white tents of numerous campers line the shores in season; small steamers ply the waters, and yachts and fishing boats abound. Life goes on there from early June until September in much the same fashion as at Newport or Bar Harbor. There may be found the bald heads of successful western enterprise, devotees of the rod and line, natty young men in

suits of white ducking and helmet caps, and the summer girl in all the radiance of her flimsy fineries. And there are pleasure parties, and picnics, boating, bathing, and music, and dancing. And "Love holds her brief court; harries and exalts her willing victims."

And all this where, but a few years ago, the savage Sioux dipped his paddle in a solitude, unbroken to the farthest horizon, and the bison and the elk drank of waters which had never mirrored a face of their exterminators.

Something of the marvel of this wondrous development of life upon a recent prairie wilderness was in the mind of Arthur Drennon, as he took his afternoon siesta upon the veranda of the Park Hotel.

It was his first vacation in ten years. He was a hard-working lawyer, who had won his way to good rank in his profession by close attention and severe labor. He had attempted at the outset to practice in his native city, New York, but the city's business sought the counsel of older heads and the bell of the elevator seldom rang opposite his office door.

Then he had gone to the growing city of Prairie des Sioux, west of the Mississippi, and hung his shingle from the window of a more modest apartment. Here a dozen years of close, hard work had placed him in the first rank of young lawyers of his State.

His business had grown until a partner had become necessary, and he had taken a bright young Westerner into his office, at the beginning of the World's Fair year. Now he proposed to give himself a couple of months of complete rest, then "take in" the fair, and go to work again

It was in the first week in June that he arrived at the Park Hotel on the eastern shore of Chumnuhndazipi.

He spent the first day lounging in his breezy room and upon the hotel verandas. At dinner he met Mrs. Frowalter, wife of Judge Frowalter of Brownsville. Drennon had practiced before the Judge, in some of the lower counties of his district, and had met his wife at the State Capital.

Mrs. Frowalter was a jolly woman, of the social, frank-spoken sort. He accepted an invitation to join a party she had planned for a yacht excursion on the following day. Then after dinner he betook himself to the cool western veranda facing the lake, disposed himself in an easy chair, and lit a cigar.

It was a pretty scene that lay before him. A smooth, green lawn, studded with great oaks and traversed by gravel paths, stretched to the lake shore, a hundred yards distant. Beyond was the rippling sheen of the larger arm of the lake, reaching away to a distant prairie shore line. Sails moved here and there under a slow breeze. Steamers came and went at the boat landing, bringing in belated parties to dinner, and carrying others away for an afternoon's outing. Idle people lounged in hammocks under the trees, and children in pretty summer finery romped upon the green sward. For a long time Drennon sat in lazy idleness enjoying the scene. Then came a diversion.

A young woman tripped lightly down the steps at the right, with a screaming child in her arms. She passed directly in front of him to a hammock which swung under a tree, with a rope attached to the railing at the left angle of the veranda.

She carried two small cushions in one hand; these she quickly arranged in the hammock, and tossed the screeching youngster upon them. Then she swung the little one to and fro, soothing the angry child with frolicsome baby talk and dancing about the swinging perch in a graceful, childish fashion.

Drennon took note of her, and declared to himself it had been many a long day since he had seen so pretty a face and figure.

Her hair was auburn, of the "spungold" sort that romance writers rave about; her eyes brown; her face oval, with such curve of lip and cheek, as the artist seeks for a model of his favorite goddess. Her complexion, except for a few freckles under the eyes, was of that delicate cream tint, which sometimes goes with auburn hair and dark eyes. Her dress was of flimsy pink stuff that became her wondrously. As for her form, Powers might have sought her for the model of his Greek slave, only his classic piece, Drennon decided, would have taken on somewhat ampler proportions. As it was, the critical New Yorker, could find no fault with her. Even her freckles were becoming;—and her movements, as she danced in front of the child.

She quickly subdued the young one, with her antics, and sent it off into fits of hysterical giggling. She seemed utterly unconscious of Drennon's presence, oblivious of her surroundings, as she danced and sang, snapping her fingers like castanets.

"Ri-te-titum-toodle-o-o,
Rally, dally, lilly loo,
Mama's eetle baby!"

Mama's little baby! Could it be possible that the young girl was married and the mother of that child?

He felt a distinct pang of resentment. But there certainly was the mother look in her face, now that his attention was called to that phase of the case.

"Ri-te-titum-toodle-o-o
Rally, dally, lilly loo
Mama's eetle baby!"

She sang again with a thrilling cadence, and the music of her simple ditty thrilled him to the finger tips. And the baby crowed and gurgled and kicked in ecstasies of glee.

Presently she took the little one up in her arms, and its face was turned, for the first time, toward him.

There could be no mistake; the child was the image of its mother, and quite as beautiful, in a baby way.

"What a pretty child!" Drennon exclaimed involuntarily.

The mother's face instantly lost its animation, and became cold as a plaster cast. Without other signs of consciousness, however, she turned down one of the gravel paths and walked toward the lake shore, with the child.

"Confound my stupidity!" muttered Drennon. "I've got to be such a perfect law grub that I've ceased to know how to behave in the social world."

Heartily chagrined at having made such an awkward break, he sought the seclusion of his room and the comfort of further cigars. But the vision of the young woman's loveliness followed him there, and he found himself presently humming the little nursery rhyme.

"Ri-te-tum-toodle-o-o
Rally, dally, lilly loo,
Mama's eetle baby."

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed angrily, at length, "I'm a consummate idiot!" Then he exchanged his tailor made flannel for a suit of ducking, his straw hat for a helmet, hired a light canoe, and tackle at one of the boat-houses, and set out on a fishing excursion.

In a small bay on the west shore of the lake, whither he had been directed by the boat-house keeper, Drennon found the fishing very good toward night. Croppies and rock bass took his minnows greedily. The sun had set before he could bring himself to relinquish the sport.

Then with a fine string of these small fish, he set out on his return across the lake. The canoe he had hired was a cockle-shell affair, adapted for light rowing, and a single oarsman. During the afternoon a strong western breeze had set in, and by the time he reached the center of the lake, his frail craft was tossing amid foaming white-caps. He was out of practice as an oarsman, and at length found his small boat exceedingly difficult to manage.

The wind, slightly quartering the direction he took, caught him upon the crest of every roller, and the opposite oar blade bent and creaked in his efforts to maintain equilibrium. A number of times he was nearly upset upon the crest of a wave.

As darkness came on the wind increased to a strong gale.

Then followed a careful, hand-fought battle with the waves.

He shipped his oars, and falling upon his knees, used a single blade as a paddle. Then he got on better for a time. A steamer passed him, headed for the Park Hotel landing. He shouted at her, calling to be taken in tow, but the boat was out of ear-shot. He struggled on until within a quarter of a mile of the glimmering shore-lanterns about the boat and bathing houses. Then a sudden gust caught his craft upon the crest of a wave, and overturned it in a twinkling.

Drennon was flung headforemost into the trough of the small sea and sank like a plummet. A moment later he came sputtering to the surface and looked eagerly for his canoe. It was out of sight for the instant, but came into line of vision upon the crest of a wave in advance. He struck out for the boat, moving before the wind, and used his utmost strength in attempting to overhaul the drifting craft. He was an indifferent swimmer, and at the end of five minutes found his strength gone and the object of his chase nearly lost to view in the darkness.

He shouted for help. His suit of ducking dragged him down like a leaden weight, and his utmost efforts barely served to keep his head above water. As he came to the crest of each curling wave he could see the glimmer of shore lights, and the vague shadowy figures of bathers running from the bath-house down into the surf upon the beach.

He called to them again and again; his voice weak and faint from heavy exertion. His breathing was labored, his efforts grew more and more feeble.

Twice he sank beneath the surface and came up strangling and spouting water. It seemed that his efforts at swimming availed nothing in getting him shoreward. He only drifted slowly, his body nearly perpendicular, in a mere struggle to keep his head above the surface.

Two or three times he was on the point of giving up the fight. Then with a fierce energy he fought once more with the rough waves and exerted his feeble voice to the utmost in shouts for help. His strength was gone; the shore lights gleamed and flickered faintly in the distance; darkness seemed closing in around him when a voice, a female voice, spoke close in his ear:

"Here, sir, throw your arm over my back and catch hold of my bathing dress."

He obeyed, hardly conscious of what he did, and found himself suddenly floating easily, and struggling along at the side of a strong and buoyant swimmer.

"Take it easy," she said, "and we will reach shallow water in a few minutes."

The easy confidence of the friendly bather gave him strength and courage.

Onward, onward steadily they rose to the foaming tops of the breakers, and sank again, slowly, but surely, nearing the lights ahead.

"Charlie!" called Drennon's helper presently, "O Charlie, come out and help me in!"

"Coming!" shouted a sturdy voice in reply, and three minutes later with a strong hand supporting him on either side, the exhausted man stood, breathing heavily, in shallow water with sound *terra firma* just in front of him.

Then he turned to the woman who had so fortunately come to his assistance. By the flickering light, from the shore, Drennon saw the very face of the young mother whose frolic with her babe had so attracted him and so disturbed his equanimity. And this man at her side was her husband, no doubt.

He tried to thank her—both of them—for their timely help.

"O, it was nothing," she said, "I was swimming out a ways from shore and saw your boat drift past up-side down. Then I heard you calling and knew you needed help. But some one would have heard you and helped you ashore soon if we hadn't. Can you stand alone now?"

He found on trial that he could, and then the two left him and plunged into the surf again as though nothing had happened. There were other bathers all about, but none of them seemed to know that a life had just been saved by one of their number.

Drennon, after getting his breath and strength somewhat restored, made his way ashore, and went to his room, in a maze of mingled wonder and thankfulness.

II.

An hour later, after a late supper brought to his room, Drennon descended to the lower balcony in time to hear strains of music from the parlor. A voice he recognized—that of his preserver, the young woman of the baby—sang in deep and beautiful contralto the strains of the Bedouin Love Song. Through the open windows he saw quite a gathering in the large, airy room which had been provided for the comfort and entertainment of guests. As he went in at the first hall entrance, and stood back to the wall beside the open door, he found himself squarely facing the singer.

And "Charlie," the young man who had helped her to pull him ashore, was seated at the piano playing an accompaniment. Drennon recognized this individual by the mustache, which was of extraordinary length, and fell in a drooping fashion below his chin.

The singer, looking straight at him as it seemed, while her audience sat in rapt attention, betrayed not the slightest recognition of his presence.

Drennon listened, gazing at her like one in a dream.

She was dressed the same as when she sang to her baby; and she rendered the song in her strong, rich contralto, with the same obliviousness of surroundings.

There was a vociferous *encore* at the close, but the singer excused herself, saying that Miss So and So would favor the audience with a reading. She then took her seat, out of range of Drennon's vision.

A few minutes later, the lawyer became aware that Mrs. Frowalter stood beside him. The recitation proved common-place and uninteresting enough. "Come," said Drennon to the lady at his side, "let's go out upon the veranda; I want to talk with you."

They went out together.

"Now," said he, when they had taken seats, "tell me who is the young woman who sang?"

Mrs. Frowalter laughed. "You're just like all the rest, Mr. Drennon," she said, "that's what every young man who comes here wants to know, from the minute he gets a glimpse of her. She's Mrs. Brown of Brownsville, a next door neighbor of mine, and the wealthiest and most popular young woman in our town and county, and—a widow." And she laughed again in her hearty, pleasant fashion.

Drennon's pulse throbbed in sudden exhilaration.

"Tell me all about her," he said eagerly.

"She saved my life less than two hours ago."

"Saved your life!" in amazement.

Drennon briefly narrated the story of his accident.

"Well!" exclaimed the lady, "you are remarkably cool people, all of you! I do not believe anybody knows a word of what has happened. Now if it had been anyone else here, there'd have been a furor of excitement and congratulations. But its like her and its like Charlie Gale, not to mention it at all. You did have a narrow escape surely, and she certainly saved you.

Yet there is nothing wonderful in Mrs. Brown's swimming out after you—except her swimming, which is wonderful and has been since she was a child. Four or five years ago, while up here with some Brownsville friends she swam out rods and rods into deep water, to bring out a poor little yelping, struggling pug, which some cruel boys had thrown from a passing sail boat."

Drennon laughed gleefully.

"Well," said he "if she'll swim out after drowning pugs, there is no reason in the world why she shouldn't have risked a little in saving a promising limb of the law."

"There now," cried the lady in vexation "that was careless of me, telling that story on top of your terrible adventure. I'm sure I—."

"Never mind" laughed Drennon, "tell me all about Mrs. Brown, who she is and what. I am thoroughly aware that she's an expert swimmer, and I owe her much."

"Which you cannot repay," put in his friend.

"Yes," he answered quite solemnly, "yes, I wish there was some way in which I could convey to her the full depth of my sense of gratitude. Now tell me about her."

"It's a short story," said Mrs. Frowalter. "She was born in Brownsville when the place was a mere frontier village. Her father was one of the first merchants to open a store in the place. When she was about six years old, his health failed, and a few years afterward he died leaving the family in straightened circumstances. Her mother worked as a clerk in a dress goods store, and supported her family of three girls and sent them to the public school. Well, the town grew and the family grew with it. The mother struggled along, keeping her children at high school, until the older ones began teaching, and Gracie, the youngest, had graduated. Grace is and was the most beautiful girl—for she is a girl yet—in our town, and she was no sooner out of

high school than the founder of Browns-ville,—old Mr. Brown, himself,—old enough to be her great-grandfather, proposed marriage to her. His wife had been dead thirty years and he had no children, nor other relative near of kin to whom he cared to leave his property. It was a very business-like arrangement. He agreed, if she would marry him, to deed a good residence property to, and settle an income of five hundred a year upon her mother, and to leave to herself all his property. For her hard-worked mother's sake, the young girl—just turned sixteen—sacrificed herself and married Calvin Brown. Three months later he died and left her all his property and the baby," and Mrs. Frowalter laughed in her characteristic fashion. "That was two years ago," she continued. "He was really a very nice and handsome old man, and everybody mourned his loss, and his wife wore black for six months. She now owns the best brick block and the finest residence in Brownsville, and more improved and well rented lands than anyone else in the county. She's a widow, and rich, and not engaged."

"Thank you," said Drennon dryly. "I'm sorry I owe her my life."

"There now," exclaimed Mrs. Frowalter, "you're going at once to get up a finical quarrel with the mercenary side of her character! And you a New Yorker, too! I tell you she did it for her mother. It was a sort of vicarious atonement for the long, faithful and self-sacrificing labor of a devoted parent. Grace Rawlins is exactly the same sweet girl she was before her name was changed to Brown."

Drennon went to his room unconvinced. He believed now that he should be able to shut out the radiant vision, which, for a few short hours, had held possession of his mind.

III.

His stout resolution availed him nothing.

In the seclusion of his room, Mrs. Brown of Brownsville, of whose existence he had not known twelve hours before, kept possession of his imagination.

The yachting excursion of the following day was a failure, so far as he was concerned, because Mrs. Brown was not one of the party. That evening Mrs. Frowalter rallied him upon his dullness. She accused him frankly of being in love.

They were upon the veranda again, sitting in the cool night air. In spite of her friendly company and badinage, he felt lonely and depressed. He had met Mrs. Brown two hours before upon the lawn. A middle-aged woman was with the lady trundling her baby in a carriage. He had stopped her upon the gravel walk, and tried to say something which would, in some measure, express his gratitude for the service she had rendered him. But the perverse young woman had made light of the whole matter, declaring that he could have reached the shore without her help. And she had moved coolly on without allowing him to finish.

"I want to tell you something more about Mrs. Brown," said his companion presently. "She's a hero worshiper; the man who gets her will have to do something grand and fine. Charlie Gale, who's at her elbow almost constantly, can never win, and he knows it perfectly. He's only a plain retail tradesman, with small accomplishments, outside his business qualifications and his ability to play the piano fairly well. Have you met her since she pulled you out of the lake last night?"

"Yes," said Drennon moodily, "and she isn't half as interested in the result of her heroic service, as she would have been in the rescue of another poodle dog."

Again Mrs. Frowalter indulged in one of her jolly, hearty laughs.

"Well," said Drennon, "if she's hunting for a hero, I may just as well keep out of the way. I'm not the stuff they're made of."

Later that evening, he had a formal introduction to Mrs. Brown. After that he saw her frequently, in the parlor, on the veranda, on boating excursions, at dancing parties and musicales; and at each brief encounter the little god of the bow and quiver penetrated his armor with a deeper shaft.

For Mr. Arthur Drennon, however, the beautiful young widow was illusive as a firefly. He had not ten minutes of conversation with her in as many days, and never a moment of her exclusive society.

Mr. Charles Gale, of Brownsville, was very much in evidence during these days, and very frequently at her side. Other young people from her town—the place was only twelve miles distant—were with her often. She was, in fact, a continuous center of attraction for the numerous visitors from Brownsville. Drennon saw that she was immensely popular in her home town. At the end of two weeks he gave over any further attempts to cultivate her acquaintance.

One Friday evening he announced to Mrs. Frowalter his intention to leave for the World's Fair on the following Monday. The lady said that she and her husband would soon follow, and she hoped they might often meet him there.

IV.

Late on Saturday afternoon, following his decision to leave on Monday, Drennon sat in his room busy with correspondence. He was preparing to shut the scenes of Lake Chumnuhda-zi out of mind and memory, as far as might be possible. He had not seen Mrs. Brown that day, and he did not want to see her again. He had planned to spend Sunday at the cottage of some friends from his own town, who had lately established themselves for the season at the northern extremity of the lake. It was nearly time for supper, and a train had just arrived from the

south, when there came a tap at his door.

In response to his summons, a young man stepped in. Lifting his hat, politely, the young fellow inquired if he had the pleasure of speaking to "Mr. Arthur Drennon of Prairie des Sioux."

"Yes," said Drennon, "What can I do for you? Take a seat."

The new comer,—a well dressed and business-like young gentleman,—took the proffered chair and plunged into business at once.

"I'm from Brownsville," he said; "we've concluded down there, rather late in the season, to celebrate the National birthday, and I have come as chairman of a committee to ask you to make the address of the day. We've raised one thousand dollars to celebrate with, and have set seventy-five of it aside to secure a good speaker. Some of our citizens learned you were up here, and we thought you'd have time on your hands, if you needed it, to prepare."

Drennon was thoroughly surprised. He had not made a public speech, outside the court room, in years. He gave himself a few minutes for thought, in which his mind was busy, also, in wonder as to whom he might be indebted for this honor. Then he accepted the invitation and the terms. A seventy-five dollar fee was not to be picked up every day. That night he took the train for Prairie des Sioux.

He spent the nine days which intervened mostly in his own private room.

When the young lawyer got off an early morning train at Brownsville, on the morning of the "Glorious Fourth," he felt tolerably sure of himself. He had put his whole soul into the effort he was to make; had every word of his address committed to memory, and knew perfectly that he had never gone before an audience with anything half so good.

A committee of substantial citizens welcomed him at the train. Among them was Judge Frowalter.

The parade, which formed upon the streets at ten o'clock, was the greatest display of the kind ever seen at Browns-ville. There were three brass bands, two from adjoining towns, Grand Army men, Sons of Veterans, and even civic societies turned out and marched in gala dress. And there were carriages and teams in endless procession. When the big crowd was finally assembled, upon a vast array of benches under a newly erected "bowery" no orator could have wished a more inspiring audience.

Drennon, himself, was astonished at his warm reception, and the numbers of the patient multitude gathered to hear him—a modest young lawyer with no great reputation as a speaker.

The bands were playing Hail Columbia as he mounted the speaker's stand under escort of the president of the day and members of the reception committee. Then followed "My Country 'tis of Thee," led by a large choir at the right of the speaker's stand; then a fervent prayer by the chaplain; then the choir sang another patriotic song.

As the president, none other than Judge Frowalter, arose to introduce him, a white-robed figure passed from the singer's benches, down one of the center aisles and took a seat which had evidently been reserved for her.

It was Mrs. Brown of Brownsville.

As he arose to begin his address, after a very flattering introduction, that lady's dark eyes were bent upon him.

Amid the sea of upturned and expectant faces, Arthur Drennon, for the moment, saw only one beautiful face with a quietly observant, half-doubtful expression, watching him from under drooping eyelids. A fierce determination seized upon him. It flashed upon him with the thrilling effect of an electric shock, that a golden opportunity was within his grasp. He would make one supreme effort to mount to the level of Grace Brown's ideal hero.

He was possessed of a strong, clear voice, and considerable dramatic force. He stepped out near to the edge of the

rostrum, and raised his hand in an impressive gesture. Something of dramatic effect, in the movement, thrilled his audience to a hushed state of expectancy. Every eye was bent upon him. Even the small boy upon the outskirts, with the inevitable fire-cracker in hand, was silent.

A wave of dramatic feeling set his nerves atingle. His first sentences had been prepared to startle and catch the attention. He delivered them with an earnestness and intensity of feeling that wrought a wondrous lighting up of faces. The sympathy and vivid interest of his large audience was won at the very outset. After two or three minutes of impassioned speaking, in which he seemed to gather and hold the crowd, in a measured and magnetic glance, his eyes fell once again upon Mrs. Brown of Brownsville.

That young woman, seated at the extreme end of the bench in her aisle, was actually leaning toward him, her hands clasped tightly upon her knees, her lips slightly parted, her eyes glowing and her cheeks actually burning with a rich and rare enthusiasm. She seemed to him to be the center of a magnetic current, which radiated from the audience and seized upon him. He felt a delicious exhilaration. From that moment the progress of his oration was a steady march to victory. There was no applause during his speech. Under the far-reaching bowery a dead silence reigned.

Careless rowdies upon the outskirts, and about the lemonade stands, lit fire-crackers, ate peanuts, cracked jokes, or wandered about in aimless curiosity. But their notes came to Drennon as the faint, undisturbing hum of insects. His oration, aside from the dramatic force and feeling which possessed him, was built upon new lines. It had been conceived and written under strong mental excitement and in the spirit of a splendid prophecy.

Toward the close he launched into a vivid and imaginative vision of the

future. He took his audience into Cloudland and let the world spin under them. From the seeds of the new civilization, so recently planted in America, he let them see the growth of a thousand years. And when he had finished, in a burst of eloquence which astonished himself as he uttered the glowing sentences, the large audience arose to its feet. The men tossed their hats and the women waved their handkerchiefs and fans in a burst of cheering. This subsided into hearty laughter, as an old and apparently well known farmer sprang upon one of the front benches. This individual waved his old straw hat and gave three cheers, which the crowd followed. Then he shouted, in a loud, nasal twang: "That's the best speakin', by gaul, we ever hed in Brownsville."

Hurrying through crowds who gathered about the speaker to offer personal thanks and congratulations, was Mrs. Brown. She gave him her hand shyly, and there was moisture in her eyes. "I'm so glad," she said, speaking very

low, "so glad that I happened to be at hand the other night. You were worth saving." Mr. Drennon and Mrs. Brown were immediately asked to dinner at the Frowalters.

V.

Ten days later, late in the evening, a happy young lawyer sat in his room at the Park Hotel. Mrs. Brown of Brownsville had, an hour before, consented to become his wife and had given him her cheek to kiss. As he reclined upon his couch, smoking, in a deliriously blissful state of mind, there floated into him from a window at an opposite angle of the building, in soft, lullaby strains, the words of the little ditty:

"Ri-te-ti-tum toodle-oo,
Rally dally, lilly loo,
Mamma's 'eetle baby."

God bless the baby! It was the sweetest thing on earth, except its mother. He took them both to the World's Fair in September. And he had won them both by concentrating a year of energy into a single speech.



ON THE PIER.

THE moonlight lays a mystic silver wand
Across the water's gently moving breast.
The music in the distance sweetly blends
With the soft sobbing of the sea's unrest.

The lights along the shore are many-hued,
A very fairyland it seems to be.
In the pavilion, dancers to and fro
Glide to the merry strains of revelry.

And all about is merry light and life,
Save at the end, where ocean breezes free,
To those who listen, heedless of the rest,
Sing the eternal message of the sea.

Cora S. Day.

NATURE STUDY AMONG THE ABORIGINES.

BY BESSIE L. PUTNAM.

THAT the aborigines were close observers of nature and her attendant phenomena is attested on every side. And while a review of their observations reveals little of scientific knowledge according to modern ideas, some of their beliefs, wrapped in myth and legend as they are, form a most interesting study to those interested in the evolution of man's intellectual powers, while the practical manner in which they have adapted certain objects to their own necessities is remarkable in the extreme.

If the Indian can justly claim to be a specialist in any science, that science is mineralogy. It is a noteworthy fact that whether the material chosen for their arrowheads was of quartz, chalcedony, agate, jasper, flint, slate, or obsidian, it was always the *best material* obtainable in the locality where it was manufactured.

"In working these materials," writes O. T. Mason in an article on North American Bows, Arrows and Quivers, published in a recent Smithsonian Report, "the savage inventor soon found that the physical properties and availability of the material changed by natural surroundings. He knew by experimentation that a stone lying in a brook yielded him better results than one exposed to the sun and the weather on the open fields, and that a boulder buried in the damp earth, where it had lain for many centuries, gave him better results with less work than the brook pebble, so that he not only became a critical expert in the qualities of materials, but also was led to become a quarryman in order to exploit the proper materials." That he was familiar with the principles of fracture and cleavage is evinced by the skill with which he fashioned finished implements from the crude

stone, the methods employed varying with the material. This was by no means a product of innate knowledge, but the result of careful study (for generations, possibly,) of the characteristics of the rocks and stones.

Feathering the arrows necessitated a considerable amount of knowledge of the various species of birds, yet with this so much mythology is mingled that it almost loses its scientific trend.

In the myths regarding the origin of the earth may be seen the feeble efforts to grasp the mysteries of the Unknown, the results of which, as evolved by superior minds, are now systematized under the name of geology. True, there is generally little resemblance between the ancient and modern explanations, yet the fact that the savage strove to explain the mysteries of nature is proof that he observed and was interested in them. Human nature was the same then as it is to-day. It is reason that has transformed folk lore into science.

The Indians of the Ungava district trace the origin of the human race to a wolverine and a muskrat. The Sia of New Mexico believe that the first animate object in the lower world was a spider, and that all other animals, including man, also the sun, moon, stars, the elements, etc., are products of its creation. According to this legend, it seems certainly an appropriate symbol of industry.

The Hidatsa see in the constellation popularly known as the Great Bear the burrow, head, feet and tail of the ermine; while the Milky Way is to them the "ashy way." They call the rainbow "the cap of the water," and say that an Indian once caught a red bird that had mocked him, and after tying its feet together, released it. The

bird soon pursued a hare, which took refuge in a buffalo skull lying on the prairie: the line attached to the bird's claws thus formed a semi-circle, and they think the rainbow is still caused by this episode.

Many tribes think that thunder is due to the flapping of the wings of some large bird: the heavy, dull sounds caused by the parent bird; the short, sharp ones by the young birds; the glance of its eye produces lightning;

or, as some picture-writing shows, the fiery flame issues from its mouth. The Eskimo regards the aurora as a torch held by the hands of spirits seeking the souls of those who have just died, to lead them over the abyss; and though scientists have been searching for years a plausible explanation of this phenomenon, it is questionable whether they have yet succeeded in satisfying themselves as well as this simple-minded native has satisfied himself.



FRIENDS IN THE DESERT.

AN ARAB, who across the lonely desert fared,
Sought rest in an oasis on his dreary way,
And there found one who gladly with him shared —
Who gave an Arab's welcome and drove care away.

They parted: and each camel's stride left far behind
The green oasis and the stranger-friend new found;
Yet in his tent, surrounded by his tribal kind,
The first bethought him of that one day's quiet round.

He told his kindred of the stranger he had met;
But still the tale of friendship found no lodgment there.
Quoth one: "You knew this stranger but a day, and yet
Would give him place, nor let old friends his kingdom share."

"Tis true, Ben Ali," said the first. His voice was low
And sweet and tender as he turned to him that spoke.
"Twas but a day; but in that day I feel — I *know* —
That soul met soul and souls on higher planes awoke.

"Each met a stranger and in him a friend discerned;
Each drank the holy waters of the well of Truth;
Each fed the mystic flame that in each bosom burned,
And perfect friendship had the strength of perfect youth."

Ben Ali laughed; the others lightly jeered and sneered.
"Shall one poor day," they cried in scorn, "such friendship lend?"
And he that held it neither sneers nor laughter feared,
But asked the Prophet's blessing on his stranger-friend.

Franklyn W. Lee.

A MAN WITH A COUNTRY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REAR ADMIRAL GREGORY, OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

BY J. A. SMITH.

PERHAPS no better lesson in patriotism has ever been taught than that contained in Edward Everett Hale's story of "The Man Without a Country." It was, as the reader will remember, a fictitious narrative of a hot-headed young army officer named Philip Nolan, who, thinking that his services were not properly appreciated by the government, allied his fortunes to the treasonable schemes of Aaron Burr. In a burst of indignation he exclaimed, during the court-martial which followed the bursting of the bubble, "Damn the United States! I wish I never could hear the name again!" Nolan's punishment came from his own imprecation, and, until death, he was kept at sea where mention of the United States was prohibited in his hearing. To relieve this sad picture let us present another lesson in patriotism where honest valor brought its just reward.

Outside the official records, a brief sketch in the encyclopedia, and some formal obituary notices at the time of his death, the life history of a remarkable man yet remains unwritten. Few men, however, were better known in his time and in the service to which he was devoted than Rear Admiral Francis Hoyt Gregory, U. S. N., who died at Brooklyn, N. Y., October 4, 1866.

It seems strange that with the exception of a column sketch in the *Army and Navy Journal* at the time of his death, there should not yet have found publication some of the details of a life replete with daring and romantic adventures during a period of fifty-seven years of gallant, faithful and intelligent service in the navy of the United States.

However, it remains for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, through sources that add to

the interest of the narrative note, to present a sketch of one of America's typical sailors, who, commencing at the lowest round in the merchant service, by his own merit reached the highest naval rank in his country's gift.

Rear Admiral Gregory was born in Norwalk, Conn., October 9, 1789. His father was captain of a merchant vessel, and it may be that he thus inherited that love for the sea which seemed to almost wholly influence his entire life. He entered the merchant service at the age of fifteen and remained about two years. During that time England, preparing for war with France, made a practice of overhauling American vessels on the high seas on the pretext of securing and impressing into its service alleged British subjects. It is a matter of history that impressment was not confined to subjects of the crown, but that often almost the entire crews of American merchantmen were taken, leaving barely enough to sail the craft into the nearest port. The vessel on which young Gregory had shipped was the victim of a British press-gang, and the sight of his comrades hustled over the sides to serve under the hated flag of St. George so fired him with indignation that, though escaping himself, he vowed never to go to sea again except behind guns.

At the age of twenty, young Gregory succeeded in getting a midshipman's warrant, which was signed by President Jefferson, January 16, 1809, and he was ordered on board the schooner *Revenge*, commanded by Lieut. Oliver Hazzard Perry. In March of that year he was transferred to the ketch *Vesuvius*, which was ordered to cruise in the Gulf of Mexico.

At that time, and for several years afterward, the American merchant marine was harassed by pirates. Remnants of the buccaneers who in earlier days infested the West Indies and the Gulf islands still maintained something of organized form. While the slave trade had been abolished and severe penalties imposed upon the traffic, there were many slaves smuggled into southern ports in vessels sailing under foreign colors.

While the *Vesuvius* was cruising in the Gulf, Midshipman Gregory was placed in command of a barge, and with it captured an English brig of four guns and a cargo of 120 slaves that were being smuggled to New Orleans. The brig was taken to New Orleans and condemned as a slaver. Soon after yellow fever broke out. There was great fatality on board the *Vesuvius* and every officer was sick or detached except young Gregory, who bravely remained at his post.

In 1811 he was promoted to acting master and given command of gun vessel No. 162, attached to the Balize division. His daring spirit led him to engage in active enterprises, the first of which was to capture and send in a schooner of 100 tons and 35 men which was being fitted out for piratical purposes. Shortly afterward he made a night attack upon a privateer much his superior in strength, which he disabled and drove off the coast.

Later in the season, while most of his crew were absent on a boat expedition, leaving only seventeen men on board, he sighted two piratical schooners of five and seven guns each, which, with a Spanish ship of fourteen guns, which they had captured, were lying in a small harbor off an island west of Barataria, Florida.

This was their rendezvous, and the harbor was protected by a shore battery. Without a pilot or knowledge of the channel, Master Gregory worked his vessel within gunshot of the pirates, when he grounded. Getting afloat with

considerable difficulty, he took a position at the mouth of the channel to prevent escape from the harbor. In the night the pirates attempted to put to sea but were driven back. In the morning the gun vessel entered the channel by taking soundings, silenced the battery and disabled the schooners, which were set on fire by the pirates, who took to their boats and went up a creek to the interior of the island. The Spanish ship was *La Divina Pastora*, under letters of marque from Saragossa to Vera Cruz with a valuable cargo. She was taken to New Orleans, where half the value of the vessel and cargo was awarded as salvage.

At the commencement of the war of 1812, Master Gregory, who had been ordered to the northern stations earlier in the season, was sent to Lake Ontario under Commodore Chauncey. The most exciting events of that war, excepting a few important land battles and the British occupation of Washington, occurred on the lakes of the northern border, and young Gregory found constant employment. He was appointed acting lieutenant and flag lieutenant in March, 1813. At the capture of Little York in April of that year he was in command of a ship's launch and sixty-four men. Landing in advance of the main attacking party he encountered a large force of British infantry and Indians and was forced to fall back with considerable loss. During the year he took an active part in the capture of Fort George and the defense of Oswego during the year 1813.

While taking part in all the movements of Commodore Chauncey's fleet, he was constantly detailed to command expeditions of the most hazardous character,—sometimes to intercept and cut out similar expeditions of the enemy, again to ascertain the position and movements of their fleet, and frequently to visit their camps on shore in disguise and gather all the information possible.

With bravery of the most peerless and dashing type, Lieutenant Gregory combined in a high degree both cool-

ness and caution, and his services were held in the highest appreciation by his superior officers. On one of his expeditions, with two boats and small arms he boarded and captured in daylight an English gunboat in the river St. Lawrence, carrying an 18-pound gun and a full crew. Another of his exploits was the capture and destruction of an English brig which was building at Presque Isle.

But as the pitcher which frequently visits the well is like to be broken, so Lieutenant Gregory made one expedition too many. In August, 1813, while making an exploration among some islands with a boat's crew he encountered several English boats, and while trying to elude them was captured by two barges after a desperate struggle during which an English midshipman was killed and many of the barges' crews were killed and wounded. He was taken to Kingston, and so strong was the feeling against him on account of the mischief he had done that he was refused parole, kept closely guarded and sent a prisoner to England, where he was confined until peace was declared.

After being released as a prisoner of war, Lieutenant Gregory joined the Mediterranean squadron without returning home. The Barbary states were then the outlaws of civilization; on shore, robbers and freebooters; on sea, pirates. Decatur and Barron had been engaged for some time in the protection of American commerce in the Mediterranean, and in compelling redress from the several governments. Lieutenant Gregory was attached to the command of Commodore Shaw, and cruised under him off the Algerian coast. Captains in the navy were then permitted to take their families with them when on a cruise, and on this occasion Commodore Shaw was accompanied by his wife and two daughters. Between the dashing young lieutenant and the elder of the two girls (for they had not yet arrived at the age to be styled young ladies) a mutual friend-

ship was soon formed which ripened into a warmer attachment, that ended in their marriage in Philadelphia, in 1818.

Pirates still continued troublesome in the West Indies and on the Spanish Main, and in 1821 Lieutenant Gregory was given command of the schooner *Grampus* and assigned to the duty of breaking up piracy in those waters. During that and the following year he destroyed several piratical vessels and dispersed a number of buccaneering associations on the coasts of Cuba and Mexico. Among the captures while on this service was the notorious pirate brig *Pauchita*, in August, 1822. This formidable craft had for some time been a terror to American merchant vessels. It was much stronger manned and carried a heavier armament than the *Grampus*, and its broadsides came very near sinking the latter, which lost quite heavily in killed and wounded. During the same month he fell in with and, after a severe engagement, captured the brigantine *Palmyra*, under Spanish colors, carrying nine guns and eighty-eight men. After the capture some of the *Palmyra's* officers confessed to having plundered several American vessels, among others the schooner *Coquette*.

A memorable and pleasing event in those days of peace was the visit of Marquis de Lafayette to this country. Broken in health and fortune by the terrible experiences of the French Revolution and the troublous times that followed, Lafayette wished to see his beloved America once more before he died. All the honors of the Republic, whose gratitude he had earned were showered upon him, Congress voted him a present of \$200,000 and a township of land, and the frigate *Brandywine* bore him back to France in 1825. Lieutenant Gregory was specially selected to fit out the frigate and was in actual command during the voyage, owing to the inability of Captain Morris to assume the duty.

During the years following 1821 the

sympathy of the civilized world was aroused in behalf of the republic of Greece in its gallant and finally successful struggle for freedom from Turkish rule. Naturally the sentiment was strong in the United States. In 1826 Lieutenant Gregory had charge of fitting out a 64-gun ship at New York for the Greek government and was placed in command for the voyage. It is probable that he performed this task while on leave of absence, as he wore citizen's clothes and did not carry any papers that would identify him.

For sixteen or seventeen years after 1827 his life was comparatively uneventful, being the usual routine of a naval officer in time of peace. In 1828 he was appointed commander and he was attached to the New York Navy Yard until 1831, when he was placed in command of the *Falmouth* and cruised in the Pacific three years, being in command of the station one year. In 1838 he was promoted to a captaincy and given command of the 74-gun ship *North Carolina*, and in 1843 he cruised on the Brazilian station in command of the frigate *Raritan*.

In 1844 Captain Gregory was ordered to assist in the blockade of the Mexican coast, and after war was declared he took part in all the important naval movements, including the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, until January, 1847, when he returned to the United States in command of the *Cumberland*, which had been partially disabled.

His last active duty at sea was on the sloop of war *Portsmouth*, in command of the African squadron. Returning after a three years' cruise he was placed in command of the Boston Navy Yard, from which he was relieved in 1856 and assigned to temporary duty on shore. While in command at Boston he superintended the construction and fitting out of the *Merrimac*, which in 1861 fell into the hands of the Confederates at Norfolk, Va., and by them was made ironclad. He had been assigned to its command when ready for sea and had

his sailing orders, but illness compelled him to give up the duty.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out Captain Gregory went to Washington and asked to be assigned to active service. He hoped to secure a command in the blockading fleet, for which service his intimate knowledge of the southern coast eminently fitted him; but being then in his seventy-first year, the Navy Department decided to avail itself of his services on shore, and he was appointed to superintend the construction and outfitting of all government vessels built outside the United States navy yards. While his preference was for service at sea, he cheerfully entered upon the responsible duty assigned him, to the discharge of which he brought many years of practical and intelligent experience. The building of war vessels by contract was carried on at a number of private ship-building yards along the northern Atlantic coast from Maine to New York, under government supervision. Prominent among the class of vessels whose construction he superintended were the *Monitors*, and he was the intimate friend of their inventor, Capt. John Ericsson. One can easily comprehend with what keen interest the gallant old officer watched the launching and behavior at sea of that first *Monitor*—*The Monitor* of history—as it was hurried, not yet fully completed, to engage with those ponderous Confederate ironclads in Hampton Roads which were playing such havoc with the Union navy. How anxiously he must have listened for news of that historical engagement between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, both of which had been built under his very eye; and how high his patriotic heart must have beaten when tidings came that "the little Yankee raft with a cheese box on it" had driven off the Confederate leviathan!

On the 16th of July, 1862, immediately after the office of rear-admiral was created, Captain Gregory was commis-

sioned to that rank. He was placed on the retired list, but was continued in the superintendency of construction up to the time of his death. He was busily engaged at New York in closing up his official records when he was stricken with cholera of a virulent type. He survived but a few hours. He was buried at New Haven, Conn., with naval and military honors, the remains followed to their last resting place by a large concourse, including many of his brother officers, prominent government officials and many leading citizens of the country.

In a general order of the navy department, issued at the time of Admiral Gregory's death, his long and faithful service was alluded to in fitting terms of appreciation, and especially his work during the then recent days of his country's great peril. The officers of the navy on New York station met to show their respect, with Admiral D. G. Farragut as chairman and Garret R. Barry as secretary. The brilliant exploits of Lieutenant Cushing were then the subjects of enthusiastic admiration in naval circles, and as the gathering recalled incidents in the life of the recently deceased comrade there was naturally suggested comparison be-

tween the two whose gallant and daring acts, though a generation apart, were held as the highest types of bravery in the American navy.

While precluded by age from opportunity to participate in the great naval battles of the civil war, which crowned with fresh laurels Farragut, Porter, Dahlgren, Foote, and others of his younger contemporaries, none having knowledge of his noble record will doubt that he would have given an equally good account of himself despite the weight of three score years and ten had opportunities been given him. The pen of a novelist is not required to inscribe the immortal lines which shall designate Admiral Gregory for all time as "a man with a country," for truly his life record is a part of his country's history.

NOTE—By the author.

For many of the details used in this sketch the writer is indebted to Mr. Henry E. Gregory, of Sioux City, Iowa, youngest son of Rear Admiral Gregory. He has preserved a large number of his father's papers and memoranda, and in early life he met many of the prominent naval officers of that time. His own life has been an interesting one. For a quarter of a century from 1860 he lived in Dakota territory as pioneer, poet, trader and Indian agent.



MY FRIEND.

BROAD was his brow, bespeaking mind beneath;
 Sharp was his wit but seldom left its sheath;
 Quick was his arm to strike for God and Right;
 Tho' dark his life 'twas lit by one pure light.
 Six feet of earth beneath the public sward —
 Such was his grave, and Heaven his reward.

Douglas Mallock.

THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

THE DENVER BIENNIAL.

By HARRIET C. TOWNER.

TEN years ago the General Federation of Women's Clubs did not exist. To-day it is an organization which is an acknowledged force among American institutions. The biennial conference held in Denver, June 22-28, brought together representative women from forty-two states, with delegates from the District of Columbia, New Mexico and Oklahoma. Two years ago, at the meeting in Louisville, a membership of 498 clubs and twenty state federations was reported; at Denver the report of the corresponding secretary gave 595 clubs and thirty-one state federations. Early in June club women began to turn their faces toward Denver. A cordial invitation had been extended by the club women of Omaha, to those journeying westward, to stop for rest and pleasure on the way, and the day there, known as the "Omaha Prelude," with its visit to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, will long be a pleasant memory. Many who were unable to take the longer journey to Denver carried home much of value from the Omaha meeting, with its carefully prepared program upon educational subjects. Leaving Omaha, every train going west was filled to overflowing with expectant club women, and the large number arriving in Denver on Monday and Tuesday preceding the formal opening of the convention made it evident that the large attendance expected was to be doubled.

Even this did not dismay the women of Denver, and never were guests made more royally welcome. Imagine all that might be done by a resourceful, tactful, generous hostess in entertaining loved and honored personal friends, and you will measure the gracious, cordial hospitality of the club women

of Denver. Executive ability, patience and unselfishness were characteristic of each of the many committees required to look after the details of the convention. Not only did the clubs extend a royal welcome, but the civic authorities as well. Mrs. Henrotin, in her happy manner, called attention to the fact that for the first time in the history of the G. F. W. C. the national organization was formally welcomed by the authorities of city and State. The welcome extended by Governor Adams for the State, and by the Mayor of Denver, in behalf of the city, bespoke a cordial interest in the meeting. The Colorado Federation sent greeting to the club women in behalf of the clubs of the State, and Mrs. Sarah S. Platt voiced the welcome of the Denver Women's Club, the hostess of the Federation, a welcome which was also felt



MRS. W. B. LOWE, GEORGIA,
President General Federation of Women's Clubs.



MRS. ELLEN M. HENROTIN,
Ex-President General Federation of Women's Clubs.

"in other ways than words." Mrs. Platt struck a responsive chord in many hearts when she said their welcome was not extended as from the women of the West to the East or the North or the South, but because of the old homesteads among the orange groves of Florida, or in the shadows of the New England hills, "ours as well as yours." This thought was dominant throughout the week. Women from Maine clasped hands with women from California; women from Minnesota looked into the faces of those from the far South. Here widely separated friends met for the first time in years. Two beautiful, white-haired women were introduced one morning in the corridor of the

hotel, one from Wyoming the other from Pennsylvania. Almost simultaneously they cried: "Why, we went to school together in Massachusetts," and smiles and tears struggled for the mastery. Similar incidents were of almost hourly occurrence, and greater even than the inspiration and help derived from the programs of the six days' session was the human sympathy and fine enthusiasm which resulted from the coming closely in touch with one another of women from every part of the United States.

In all great movements it is wise and even necessary to frequently pause and consider the progress already made, that the experience gained may be utilized in going forward. For this reason an important part of the program of this biennial meeting of club women was a review of the work of the last two years; and, that inspiration and practical help might be given for renewed effort along the several lines of work attempted, an effort was also made by the program committee to secure the best and broadest contemporary thought under the general heads: Education; Civic Clubs and Village Improvement Associations; The Press; Social and Household Economics; Club Methods; The Industrial Problem as it Affects Women and Children; Art; The Spiritual Significance of Organization; The Library Movement in the United States.

At Louisville a resolution was presented recommending as a central point of thought and work for federated clubs, the study of the science of education and of educational conditions in their respective home cities, with a view to exerting united influence for the betterment of the state system of education. A strong educational committee was appointed under the leadership of Miss Margaret Evans, president of the Minnesota Federation, and a woman of wide experience and beautiful character. This committee at once established committees of reference in

a majority of the state federations and embraced every opportunity to urge the coordination of educational forces, and cooperation of clubs with educational associations in each state. The reports given at the educational conference at the Denver meeting, showed that a very strong impetus has been given to work in this direction. Since conditions vary widely in different states, each has worked along somewhat different lines. Maine has done much to improve the rural schools and improve the rural school-houses. Massachusetts has, among other things, established many public kindergartens, formed mothers' classes, and done much to beautify public school-rooms. The educational committee of the Arkansas Federation has turned its attention to the problem of the education of the blacks. The Illinois Federation is making the advancement of public education from the kindergarten to the university its special work, and more than 130 clubs in the State have educational committees. Reports from New York, Georgia, Michigan, Colorado, Minnesota and other states were also full of interest.

From this conference and the evening meeting devoted to education, many helpful practical thoughts were carried home. Ethical education in our public schools, and practical suggestions for forming manual training classes were among the subjects considered. The woman's movement to establish a National University at Washington, was presented to the convention by Mrs. Calvin H. Brice and Mrs. Ellen M. Richardson, president of the Washington Memorial Association.

In the department of civics and village improvement, satisfactory reports were made. In civics it was a surprise to many to learn from a paper on The Possible Influence of Women on Legislation, and the discussion which followed, how strong an influence has already been brought to bear in behalf of several reforms. One important re-

form directly attributable to the influence of women and their clubs is the gradual abolishment of the employment of children under twelve years of age in sweat shops and factories. In considering the work of village improvement associations it was shown that in a great variety of ways the art of public improvement has been applied. It was developed that clubs are finding it more practical to undertake work of this kind in connection with the literary clubs already organized than to organize separate associations for the purpose. A report of special interest was from the Women's Improvement Association, of Las Cruces, New Mexico. An excellent paper, entitled *A Little Housekeeping Out of Doors*, made an earnest plea for better public sanitary conditions, and it was urged that the combined force of womanhood be brought to bear upon the task of obtaining better sanitary conditions in our towns and cities. The saving from destruction of the beautiful palisades along the Hudson River, and the necessity for protesting against



SARAH S. PLATT,
Vice-President General Federation Women's Clubs.



MRS. EMMA A. FOX,
Recording Sec'y General Federation Women's Clubs.

the further destruction of American forests, were subjects which came under this head, and should engage the serious thought of every thinking man and woman in America.

That a clearer understanding of the relation of the press to the upward movement among women might be obtained, one session of the convention was devoted to the Press, interest in which was not by any means confined to newspaper workers. The obligation the woman's club is under to the press was pointed out, and suggestions made for increasing its influence for good.

No meeting of the convention yielded more that will be of value in the years to come than that devoted to Phases of Economic Work. The program gave an excellent idea of the scope and spirit of the work. This included the founding of lunch clubs for working girls, which are not in any sense charity organizations but self-supporting, cooperative clubs; the forming of evening classes where women of the business world may have opportunity for some study of art, music, literature or any other useful or beneficial study, and in

fact all reaching out to assist those who are in need of wider opportunity, meeting upon a base of equality and common effort women of the business world. This is a form of cooperation which brings the home woman and the business woman together, creating, as Mrs. Lynden Evans, who presided, expressed it, a place of meeting where the motto "From each as she has power to give, to each as she has need" is written over every door. Mrs. Evans has thrown the whole force of her strong character and beautiful personality into this work and has done much to aid in making the Ogontz Lunch Club, of Chicago, a marked success. Reports were given from the Girls' Mutual Benefit Club, of Chicago, which has a membership of 125; from the Ogontz Lunch Club; the Young Woman's League, of Dayton, Ohio; the Jane Club, the Woman's Century Club of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton; the National Association of Women Stenographers, and the Business Woman's Exchange, all of them self-supporting,



MRS. PHILLIP N. MOORE,
Newly elected Treasurer of the General Federation
of Women's Clubs.



MRS. THOMAS K. NOBLE,
Chairman Nominations Committee at Denver Biennial.

self-governing organizations of business women. The program was of such interest that it was repeated for the benefit of the working girls of Denver.

Not until women began to regard all subjects from a broader, more impersonal standpoint did they comprehend that the relation of household economics to human life is of the most vital and intimate nature, and one of the earliest subjects to engage attention after the first formative years in nearly all large clubs has been household economics. A most interesting program at Denver was the one for discussion of this subject, in charge of Dr. Mary Green, of Michigan. It was shown that an increasingly large number of clubs are studying household economics from a scientific point of view and are using as a basis upon which to work the plan formulated by the National Economics Association. Some of the papers presented during this session were especially noteworthy. The informal conference on club methods brought out the experience of widely separated clubs. Different points of

view regarding membership, departments, study classes, auxiliaries, literary work, and the social life of the clubs were given. This was of great practical value, and the official report to be published will put these suggestions in permanent form. The Industrial Problem as it Affects Women and Children, included a discussion of the conditions surrounding working women and children and legislation relating thereto. Miss Graffenried, who had charge of this meeting, is the special agent of the Department of Labor at Washington, and has traveled over the greater part of America investigating factories and conditions of the poorer classes. At this meeting Mrs. Sydney Webb, of London, England, gave a glimpse of the so-called "sweating system" in London, making it possible for those present to compare the conditions existing in America with those of England.

What has been accomplished by clubs in the direction of art was shown at the conference of art clubs conducted by Mrs. Herman J. Hall, of Chicago, whose



MRS. ALICE IVES BREED,
Ex-Vice-President General Federation Women's Clubs.



MRS. MAHLON D. THATCHER,
President Colorado Federation Women's Clubs.

brief opening address was one of the best things on the program. Reports from the art committees of the various state federations gave evidence of an awakened interest in matters pertaining to art, especially along the lines of stimulating a love for good pictures among the children of the public schools. Mr. Ralph Clarkson's lecture, "How to Judge a Picture" was replete with valuable information upon this too-little understood subject, and the program throughout was prepared to show how beauty may enter into our daily life, how in the building, decorating and furnishing our homes, beautiful objects should minister to refined enjoyment.

In the department of library work it was shown that a very large number of clubs have been working during the last two years for the establishment of town and village libraries. The meeting for the consideration of the library movement in the United States, in charge of Mrs. H. E. Tredway, of Iowa, contained much that will be useful in furthering the work. An interesting feature was the complete résumé of the

present status of the traveling library in the United States, which from the present outlook, will soon be established in every State. The interest manifested by federated clubs in library work is so great that one of the first matters to be considered by the new board was the formation of a library committee and a committee was appointed consisting of Mrs. Eugene B. Heard, of Georgia, Mrs. C. S. Kinney, of Utah, and Mrs. E. L. Buchwalter, of Ohio.

The best methods for conducting classes for the study of literature, and classes for the study of travel, history and current events, were discussed from various standpoints, during the conference of literary clubs conducted by Mrs. May Alden Ward, the well known Boston writer. It is worthy of note that the study of literature is more carefully and thoroughly conducted in clubs each year, and that the broadening of interests has not been in any manner a detriment to the study club.

The music throughout the convention was of an especially high character and added much to the pleasure of the meeting. One evening was devoted to the Folk Songs and People's Music of America. This included a comprehensive paper prepared by Miss Villa Whitney White, who is a specialist on the subject. Examples of Indian, negro, and Creole melodies, and of the people's music of America from 1760 to 1875 were given. Miss White was assisted by Miss Muldoon, and by Miss Dillingham. Among the speakers perhaps none were more thoroughly enjoyed than Miss Agnes Repplier and Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart. Miss Repplier read an unpublished essay on The Modern Novel, written with that frankness and fearlessness which characterizes Miss Repplier's work, and the subject was treated with a poignancy of thought and quickness of wit which has given her foremost place among American essayists. Mrs. Stuart's rendition of a story in dialect relating an

episode in the well beloved "Sonny's" history was delightful and entertaining. Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, who never fails to make everyone, for the moment, as entirely in earnest as she is herself, spoke Sunday evening on the spiritual significance of organization from the labor standpoint. Miss Addams, who is a most impressive speaker, presented her subject with force, dignity and feeling. Miss Addams also talked to the children Sunday afternoon on the foreign children in Chicago, and Mrs. Stuart contributed a story and two little poems of her own for the pleasure of the children.

Mrs. Alice Palmer Henderson was also an interesting speaker. She was the first woman to make a tour of the Klondike country, and her address, "Art at the End of the Rainbow" was a careful study of primitive art among the natives of Alaska. "Art for Women's Clubs" was the subject of a lecture by Miss Anna Caulfield, of Michigan, illustrated by unusually fine stereopticon views, the slides being colored from original paintings in the great European galleries. This lecture, which was carefully prepared and beautifully delivered, was an earnest consideration of the best method of awakening a greater interest in art in America, and of how art may be introduced into the city, club, home and school. The address by Mrs. Candace Wheeler, which treated of "Art in Its Relation to Commerce and Manufactures," was also notable, and an address marked by high thought and lofty ideals was that by Mrs. Belle Stoughtenborough, President of the Nebraska Federation, who spoke Sunday evening on "The Federation Idea—Reciprocity Spirit."

Miss Saidie American, general secretary of the Jewish Council of Women, spoke on the subject of Vacation Schools, with an earnestness which carried conviction. She told of the work being done in Chicago this summer, urging the need for similar schools in all large cities.

A pleasing incident of the convention was the introduction of two charming Japanese women, Miss Uma Tsuda, and Mme. Watanke, daughter of Baron Watanke. They were the guests of Mrs. Alice Ives Breed, through whose influence the Prime Minister, Marquis Ito, the Count Okuma and Doctor Toyama, Minister of Education, made arrangements to send these women to America to attend the meeting of the General Federation and inspect the educational institutions of this country. They were made most cordially welcome. Mme. Watanke spoke a few graceful words, and Miss Tsuda, who is a graduate of Bryn Mawr, delivered a short address in which she told of the object of their visit and of their appreciation of the courtesies shown them, in clear and beautiful English.

The most important matter of business to come before the convention was the question of increasing dues to meet the necessary expenses of carrying on the organization, the present income being only about half large enough, the deficit having been made up through private generosity. After an extended discussion the by-laws



MRS. JAMES B. GRANT,
President Biennial Local Board, Denver.



JULIA V. WELLER,
Recording Secretary Local Biennial Board, Denver.

were amended making the annual dues for all clubs ten cents per capita, and twenty-five cents per club for state federations. Clubs of fifty to a hundred members will be represented at the biennial meetings by the president or her appointee, and one delegate; and for each additional hundred or major fraction thereof it will have one additional delegate. Clubs of less than fifty members will be represented by the president alone. State federations of twenty-five clubs or less will have five delegates, for each additional twenty-five clubs or major fraction thereof, one additional delegate. A number of resolutions were presented which were submitted to the executive board.

What shall be said of the women who have made this great meeting possible? The labor and self-sacrifice involved is difficult to compute, and should be understood and appreciated by every member of the Federation.

Under Mrs. Henrotin's gracious and discriminating leadership the conven-

tion moved forward without friction and with a dignity and poise worthy the highest praise, doing with patience and precision the work it had to do. Even during the embarrassments and perplexities of the discussion of club dues, and the election of new officers, Mrs. Henrotin never once lost her self-possession, and her marvellous tact and innate sense of fairness and justice always led her to do and say exactly the right thing. Upon her retirement from the presidency it may not be inappropriate to refer to the obligation the women of America are under to Mrs. Henrotin for her service in this movement. During her presidency of four short years the club movement has developed from an experiment to a great educational force. Under her unselfish and devoted leadership the General Federation has taken form and gained cohesive force until the women of America are united in a movement which is already recognized as a prominent factor in the culture and civilization of the age. Through Mrs. Henro-



MRS. W. H. KISTLER,
Member for Colorado of Biennial Credential Committee.



MRS. J. S. CLARK,
A delegate from Iowa.

tin's sweet influence and her exalted ideals the Federation has escaped the shoals of fads and follies and has taken the best and noblest of life for its aim and object. Whatever of blessing the future may bring, the club women of America will never forget the splendid service, the self-sacrificing devotion, the inspiring and ennobling influence of Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin.

To her co-laborers is also due the sincere gratitude of the Federation. To Mrs. Alice Ives Breed, the efficient Vice-President, to Mrs. C. P. Barnes, the Recording Secretary, who in addition to her heavy work as secretary has added that of the badge and stationery committees, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Corresponding Secretary, who has carried on the work of her office with an accuracy, patience and promptness which has been an object lesson to the corresponding secretaries of every club and state federation; to the Treasurer, Mrs. Frank Trumbull, and to Miss Annie Laws, the Auditor. Gratitude and appreciation is also due Mrs. Edward Longstreth of Philadelphia, chairman

of the Biennial program committee, who has given in large measure of her time and strength and executive ability to the General Federation from the first.

It is believed by all that the service of the new officers and directors will be no less faithful, and the loyal support of the entire Federation will be given them in the work which they have undertaken. Mrs. W. B. Lowe of Atlanta, Ga., the newly-elected President is a most lovable woman and brings to the president's chair an enthusiastic interest in the work. She has done much to stimulate an interest in club work in the South and was the founder of the Atlanta Woman's Club and of the Georgia State Federation, of which she is President.

The new officers are:

Mrs. W. B. Lowe, Georgia, President; Mrs. Sarah S. Platt, Colorado, Vice-President; Mrs. Emma A. Fox, Michigan, Recording Secretary; Mrs. George Kendrick, Jr., Pennsylvania, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Missouri, Treasurer; Mrs. C. P. Barnes, Kentucky, Auditor.



MARY E. GREEN, M. D., OF MICHIGAN.

The directors elected are:

Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, District of Columbia; Mrs. C. S. Kinney of Utah; Mrs. Charles S. Morris of Wisconsin; Mrs. H. H. Pyle of Connecticut; Mrs. F. A. Eastman of California; Mrs. Frances Ford of Nebraska; Mrs. William Tod Helmuth of New York; Mrs. E. L. Buchwalter of Ohio; Mrs. J. H. Windsor of Iowa.

The number of women in attendance at the convention whose influence has been widely extended in different lines of work in their respective states was very large — too large to admit of particular mention.

Colorado, Massachusetts, Illinois, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Missouri sent the largest delegations. Fraternal greetings were received from several other national organizations of women, several of which sent fraternal delegates. An invitation to hold the next biennial meeting in Milwaukee was presented from the Citizens League of that city, by Mrs. Charles E. Morris, President of the Wisconsin Federation, who supplemented it by a cordial invitation from the clubs of the State. The delightful luncheons and afternoon receptions to which visitors as well as

guests were bidden, gave a pleasant glimpse of the social life of the "Queen City of the Plains." The garden party given by the Denver Women's Press Club was a notable affair and brought together a most interesting group of people. The trip to Elitch Gardens with the reception by the North Side Woman's Club was one of the pleasant social events of the week, and the "loop" trip, given through the generosity of the Denver Woman's Club was too important an event to be dismissed with a brief notice and deserves a separate article. The dainty luncheon served on this excursion at Idaho Springs, by eighty club women to nearly *twelve hundred guests* added strength to the conviction that the generosity and ability of Colorado women is unbounded, and they will ever be held in loving remembrance by all those who attended the fourth "biennial." Probably no more inspiring or important gathering of women than the Denver meeting of the General Federation has ever been held in this country, and there will go out from it a quickening of intellectual and spiritual ideals, the strength and power of which only the future can measure.



A NIGHT ILLUMINED.

HIGH in the east, the moon
In a wide abyss of blue;
Low in the west a dusky wing
Which pale stars glimmer through.

That dark cloud is my life
Pierced by my hopes' faint light;
But O, thy great love, like yon moon,
Irradiates the night!

Nelle Richmond Eberhart.

CAPT. A. C. DUCAT.

BY FRANCIS W. AUSTIN.

CAPT. ARTHUR C. DUCAT, of the Twenty-fourth Regulars, U. S. I., who was so desperately wounded in the assault upon Santiago, while leading his company in the charge of Friday, July 2d, is a native of Chicago, and in Chicago his boyhood was spent.

Born at a time to catch the inspiration of the Civil War, he sought and obtained appointment to the West Point Military Academy. His course here completed, Lieutenant Ducat had a varied military experience. He has in turn been Adjutant, Quartermaster, and commanding officer, has commanded a post and led troops of both infantry and cavalry, as well as served as military instructor in colleges.

He comes of fighting stock. The first Ducat of whom there is record crossed with William the Conqueror and was assigned an estate in the north of Ireland, where the family is doubtless represented to-day.

Captain Ducat, then First Lieutenant, was appointed by the President as military instructor in the Northern Illinois Normal School at Dixon, Ill., in September, 1894. He opened his department with an enrollment of 107 men, and soon made military training one of the most popular departments of the institution.

He served as military instructor at this school for two years, and not a little is it due to his influence that from a school with an attendance of from 700 to 800, but little more than half of whom are men, there are now probably not fewer than 300 one-time students in the Army and Navy. Of the attendance of the

present year, fifty left to join the Army. Verily, there was no mistake in that policy of the government, a few years ago adopted, of placing West Point graduates as instructors in the larger schools of the country, and the government owes Captain Ducat as great a debt of gratitude for his influence upon



CAPT. A. C. DUCAT.

the young men of the country as for his blood so gallantly shed before Santiago.

Captain Ducat's company started with seventy-five men, and when the block-house was taken there were but twenty-one ebony warriors and one white Lieutenant left. Fifty-three were either killed or grievously wounded.

JOE'S CHILDREN.*

BY EMMA EGGLESON.

A LONG line of passenger cars headed by two powerful engines crawled steadily along the side of the Siskyou range, and the eager eyes of admiring inmates grew brighter in contemplation of the luxuriant beauty of the Pacific slope,—grotesque rocks, trailing vines, trees, flowers, and dashing streams were pictured, and in the midst of these, a low-framed dwelling perched airily on a shelving cliff—a veritable lodge in the wilderness.

It was built of rough slabs, and its front was covered to the eaves of the peaked roof with the green leaves and gay blossoms of the wild Scarlet Rambler, save where a half-window and a door peeped through the foliage.

The latter was open, and before it a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve were standing—the one a sturdy figure in blouse and overalls, with a white felt hat slouched about his face and a whip in his hand, and the other bare-headed, curly-locked, and dressed in a loose pink gown. Neither of these children showed any interest in the passing train, so intently were they watching a dark object that clung to one of the scraggy limbs of an adjacent tree—an animal that the girl was pelting with a handful of flowers she had just pulled from the vines. Catching at the clusters with open jaws, the creature swung itself playfully downward, revealing the fact that it was a half-grown bear, and the Pullman porter remarked to a grave-faced man who was gazing from one of the windows:

"That, sah, is Ben Bolt, a young cinnamon! Tame as a house-dawg, and allus a frolickin' with them childurn! They got him when he was a mite of a cub and raised him by hand! Mighty fine beast!"

*Awarded the prize for the best original story in the July 1st competition.

"Indeed!" responded the traveler absently, as they glided beyond the scene, then rousing himself at the echo of the long whistle, he asked:

"Are we not in the vicinity of Pixley?"

"Right heah, sah, are the saw-mills, and just ahead is the station."

"Then this is the terminus of my journey."

"All right, sah! Give me the grips and the umberell and I'll see you off."

The train moved more slowly and came to a stop with several convulsive jerks and a sighing of air-brakes, upon which Morris Sibley descended the steps, took his parcels from the porter and, dropping a coin in his sable hand, saw him re-enter the car with a beaming countenance.

Then there was a clanging of bells, a discordant shriek from both engines, and the steaming express bore away southward, leaving him in a strange place. Not alone, however, for glancing about him, he saw on the opposite side of the track an individual in grimy, ragged clothing with mismatched shoes that shuffled and thumped alternately on the ties as he came toward him.

"Howdy," was the ready salutation that dropped from the tobacco-stained lips. "Did ye jest 'light from the train?"

"Yes," replied Sibley. "Did you?"

"'Pears that way! A brakeman collared me, drugged me from my roost on one of the bumpers, and kicked me inter the ditch."

"Stealing a ride?" suggested Sibley.

"Co-rect!!" assented the tramp.

"For how long a distance?"

"I haint figgered it right close, but you kin reckon yourself! From Duluth to this pint by way of Portland! I aimed at 'Frisco!"

"Is this the first time you have been put off a train?" Sibley inquired.

"About the fifteenth, I should jedge!" replied the fellow.

"Why don't you find some employment?"

"Mebbe I shall, when the scrap betwixt Labor and Capital is settled. Jest now I'm a runner lookin' fer a stray brother-in-law."

Sibley smiled sarcastically.

"Does it pay?" he asked.

"Naw!" drawled the tramp, with a gesture of disgust. "I haint struck nothin' rich yet, but I've got great expectations."

"Well," said Sibley, "here's a trifle to stimulate your courage," and selecting a piece of silver from the bulging depths of his pocketbook, he tossed it carelessly toward the vagrant. Then, heedless alike of his muttered thanks and the avaricious stare fixed on his purse, the well dressed gentleman walked on to a smart little building opposite the depot, wearing the sign, "Jim Green's Boarding-House," and when he had entered the front door, the man who had taken his gift limped slowly after him.

"So this is Pixley." Sibley remarked to the bland proprietor of the place: "How are the mills prospering now?"

"Joe Fletcher's a holdin' 'em alone! The men went out on a strike some time ago, but Joe's the boss and he sticks! He's got the company's books and stuff, and he'll hang on till the owners come for 'em though he can't do much business. He jest sets the saws a goin' now and then to keep 'em from rustin', and watches the property."

"He must be an honest man," said Sibley.

"I should say so!" Green declared emphatically. "Joe's a thoroughbred, and his rithmetic is k'rect if he can't sling college grammar!"

"Has he a family?"

"The wife's dead, but there's a boy and girl that Joe handles as tender as

a woman. Smart kids, too! Sing and write and read the newspapers! Got a reg'lar menagerie of tame birds and squir'ls—a cinnamon bar too, that trots around after 'em like a Scotch collie!"

"I think I will go over to the mills and see this overseer," said Sibley with a yawn. The inn-keeper's loquacity was tiresome to him, but the tramp who had been a listener seemed greatly interested in the conversation.

The office of the Pixley Mills was a small sub-division of the north building, roughly ceiled and scantily furnished, and Joe Fletcher was sitting on a high stool before the desk tying up a bundle of papers when Sibley entered. He was not a large man, but he had tense, wiry muscles that showed more strength than his sloping shoulders would indicate. He had also a wide forehead, dark hair streaked with grey, a still darker moustache, and eyes that swerved from brown to black according to the mood of their owner.

"Mr. Fletcher, I presume?" interrogated Sibley.

"Joe Fletcher," returned the man swinging himself from the stool to his feet. "Do you want anything of me?"

In their brevity the words might seem impudent, but in the kindly voice of the mill overseer they formed a simple question entitled to a civil answer. Sibley smiled.

"I have bought this property from your old employers. I dare say you have heard that they have long been heavily mortgaged and anxious to sell. My deeds are here," and he touched his breast pocket carelessly. "The investment may be a foolish one, but I shall understand my position after I have examined the business, and I imagine something can be done to make the plant pay."

Fletcher pushed a seat toward his visitor and resumed his own.

"Marshall wrote me that the mills were sold," he said quietly. "What's your name?"

"Morris Sibley."

"Ah! from Virginia?"

"Yes, from Virginia! It seems you have heard of me before," said Sibley with a slight flash of surprise.

"Maybe," was the non-committal answer.

"Have you lived in California long?"

"Sixteen years."

"Always in this vicinity?"

"No. I came here from Eureka."

"Eureka?" repeated Sibley slowly.

"A dozen years ago a man lived in that place whose name was Park Stacy."

"A gambler and a rascal!" said Joe Fletcher promptly.

"Perhaps you are right," returned Sibley with a touch of hauteur. "Is he still there?"

"Yes, he's fairly settled! He lies in a lot where, out of thirty graves only four were dug for them that died a natural death. He was stabbed in a quarrel over dice-throwing."

"How long has he been dead?"

"Six years."

Sibley's face looked anxious

"Did he leave a wife?"

"He left a wife and two children."

"Where are they now?"

Joe Fletcher arose from his stool and walked across the narrow room, turning his face away from the questioner as he answered

"She is an angel. The children are with their step-father."

"What!" cried Sibley, "do you really mean to say that Evelyn Stacy married again?"

"Yes." The overseer turned and came back to his companion. His eyes were black now, and glowing with intense emotion.

"A few words will tell you all you want to know, Mr. Sibley. I married Evelyn Stacy, and she died shortly afterward, leaving the children to my care."

"You!" Sibley exclaimed, surveying the figure before him in astonishment mingled with contempt. The bronzed hands, rugged face, and loosely fitting

working suit presented a striking contrast to the fashionably attired man of the world. "My sister Evelyn made a foolish choice in her connection with Park Stacy, but he was a person of brilliant mind and polished manner. She was young and easily deceived, so there were excuses for that step, but it is hard to believe that she, a Sibley, could have in maturer life joined her lot with a common day-laborer, though he might be an honest fellow and all right in his own sphere."

"You know nothing about your sister's life or what led to this act. When her folks cast her off because Park Stacy forged a note and fled the country to keep out of prison, they put her in the power of a brutish sot! You say he was 'brilliant' and 'polished!' Very likely. But he took her to Eureka for a hiding-place, and starved and ill-used her, while he gambled, drank mixed liquors, and now and then lent a hand for the robbing of miners and stage coaches. When a shameful brawl finished him at last, she hadn't a loaf of bread in her cabin, or a whole suit of clothes for the boy and girl. After the funeral, I went to see what we could do for the family, and she told me her whole story. It was natural that she should, even if it was no credit to her rich father and brother, for she was weak in body and badly broken up in spirit. I asked how it would do to write to her folks for help, and she said she had been turned out of doors once and didn't dare try it. So I went around among the boys and got plain sewing and mending for her to do. We paid top prices and for awhile that kept her pride from being shocked by dependence on charity, but she grew weaker every day."

"By and by the owner of the Eureka mill failed and sold out, pocketing six months wages due the men and getting away before we mistrusted what he was doing. Then I got a position down here at Pixley and began to think about moving. I went down that day to see

the children and I found them crying. The fire was out and no dinner cooked in the house. The little mother herself was lying on the bed, very low with hemorrhage of the lungs, and the outlook was dark for all of us. I fed and cheered up the boy and girl, brought a woman-nurse and an herb doctor, and waited. When Evelyn was stronger I told her I was going to leave Eureka. She trembled and called me the truest friend she had ever known. She thanked me for all I had done for her children. I had been with them a great deal, for they were very lonesome and the company about them quite rough,—perhaps when she was gone I would still look after them, for she feared they would soon be left alone.

"I was in a trying place, Mr. Sibley. All the feeling in my heart went out to that poor, dear, lady and her fatherless little ones, but I could not shelter and provide for them without moral and legal rights to do so.

"I spent a night in hard thinking and then went back to your sister and told her what I believed to be the right thing for us to do. We knew she was close to the end of life, and marriage meant to us not a dream of love and happiness, but a sacred seal on friendship and a duty toward her good name and her children's future. With that understanding, Evelyn become my wife.

"I brought her to Pixley, nursed her through the rest of her sickness,—she didn't suffer much, but slipped away gently,—and my arm upheld her pillow when she sighed out her last breath. This is how she joined her lot with a common day-laborer, though I hardly know why I have unbent myself to explain. You have no right to feel shocked or hurt at anything she did, after your neglect of her for so many years."

There was a force in these words that made Sibley wince.

"We come of a haughty race," he said apologetically. "Evelyn had outraged our family pride, and, not see-

ing her sufferings, we could not imagine or realize them. But when my father died a few months ago, he relented and requested me to find her and place the family in comfortable circumstances. For my sister's sake, I regret that I have come too late; I can, however, assume control of the children."

"Do you mean to take them away from me?" asked Fletcher.

"We will suppose that you are a man of sound judgment," returned Sibley in a cold, courteous tone. "You must see that it is to their advantage in every way to quit their pioneer life. If they suit me in personal appearance and disposition, I shall adopt both, as I have no children of my own, and wealth, refinement, education, and social rank will be theirs. In the meantime, I appreciate your kindness, and for the trouble and expense you have incurred in their behalf, I will amply remunerate you."

"Love has no market value, Mr. Sibley," said the overseer. "No man can pay me for taking care of my own family, but I have the best interests of my boy and girl at heart, and I will think over your offer to take them away. I must have time to decide whether I can give them up or not."

Sibley lighted a cigar and began to puff smoke toward the ceiling, without deigning to answer. He had little sympathy with Fletcher, and could not understand why he should hesitate a moment in the matter. When he spoke again it was with reference to the mills, and he would have commenced an examination of the books at once, but Fletcher was not at liberty. It was his supper hour and he must go home first. So they separated to meet at the office again in the evening, and as they went away in different directions, the tramp arose from a pile of boards outside the open window, chuckling at the information he had gained by listening.

"Hold a minute, Joe," he called, hurrying after the overseer. "There's a full-blown s'prise waitin' for you!"

"Well," said Fletcher, turning about and facing him, "what is it?"

"Yer brother-in-law, Tom Dalton! Been a journeyin' all the way from Duluth to Californy to see you! Ain't you glad?"

Fletcher shook his head.

"I'm afraid to trust you, Tom. Somehow you always seem to bring trouble in your comings since Nellie died," he said sadly.

"Don't speak of them that's rubbed out, Joe. I've brought you luck this time for sure, and the town's whoopin' with brother-in-laws! Three of us brim full of lovin' kindness fer one another. You're a couple of notches beyend me, and Sibley, your boss, is several notches beyend you! Things is gittin' interestin'."

"What do you know about Mr. Sibley?" Joe Fletcher asked abruptly.

"I know all I want to, Joseph! He's goin' to take them young'uns away from you unless we put a cooler on him, and there's two of us two hold him down long enough to git some pocket money and a promise to git out of our latitude!"

"No more of that sort of talk, Tom. I'm not a highway robber!" returned Fletcher in a stern voice.

"Co-rect, Joe! I said afore you was a couple of notches beyend me! You needn't mix with the case, bein' I'm up to it alone! Jest wink at it!"

"Dalton!" exclaimed the overseer sharply, "drop this rubbish at once! Low as you are, you will not assault that man for his money! If you are in want of a supper and lodging, here is the price of both at Green's. Go there and get a clean meal and a night of honest sleep. I can't waste any more time now, but I will see you in the mornin'."

"There he goes!" sighed the tramp, rattling the pieces of silver Fletcher had given him in his hand as the indignant man strode away. "Good fersquar deal, but not overly affection-ate to yours truly! And he reely b'lieves I won't do the job. Likely I wouldn't

when he saw me last, but the world's moved since then, and I've moved with it! To-morrer 'bout this time, I'll be clatterin' over the rails close to Frisco, with plenty of rocks in my pocket, an' folks in this town'll be plasterin' up the rich feller's head and wonderin' what cyclone hit him. But I've got to make plans and specyfifications first!"

The lines deepened on Joe Fletcher's forehead as he traversed the path to his vine-covered cabin, but he smiled at the bright-faced girl who came to meet him.

"Supper is waitin', Father Joe," she cried, slipping her hand inside his arm and trying to keepstep with him. "And, oh, what do you think? Floyd caught three golden pheasants in his new trap, We're to have them broiled for breakfast!"

"Indeed," responded Joe Fletcher, giving the plump little fingers a loving pressure, "that will be fine; but how have the lessons gone?"

"They were finished and put by on the shelf at two o'clock. Then we made the squirrels skip the rope, taught the red mocking-bird a song, and had a long performance with Ben Bolt; he grows wiser every day!"

"He will soon be a wonderful animal then! Where is Floyd?"

"Out in the shed plucking the pheasants! Are you very hungry, Father Joe?"

"I haven't thought much about eatin' yet."

"That is too bad! I wanted you to be nearly famished, because there are scrambled 'eggs and lovely hot biscuits and honey for supper!"

"Perhaps my appetite will wax fierce when I sit down at the table."

"Lelia," and Joe Fletcher looked earnestly into the girl's blue eyes, "do you ever think about your mother's folks, the Sibleys?"

"Yes!" was the prompt reply. "I often remember how she used to cry because they turned her away from home!"

"Your Uncle Morris, her only brother, is here in Pixley."

Lelia's lip curled scornfully.

"Well, Father Joe, that isn't a piece of good news! I'm sure none of us care to see him!"

"He is a fine gentleman and will expect you and Floyd to treat him well."

"What does he want, Father Joe?"

The overseer gave the girl's hand a sudden clutch that betrayed strong feeling and an effort to hold it in check. Her perceptive faculties were unusually keen and they led her straight to the truth.

"You needn't tell me," she continued, "I know already that he is here to take us away, and we will never go with him, so don't look glum over it!"

"At least we will not cross the bridge till we come to it!" quoted Fletcher with a faint touch of humor.

They were at the door now, and Floyd came racing around the shed at the rear of the house with Ben Bolt at his heels bearing a pheasant's wing in his mouth. His noisy, affectionate greeting brought a sharp sting to Joe's faithful heart. What would a homecoming be without it? He dared not picture to himself his loneliness if he yielded to Morris Sibley's wishes and sent these children away forever.

Was he selfish in longing to hold them to this simple, homely life, when luxury, gaiety, and social culture awaited them in their uncle's mansion? He tried to imagine Floyd passing through a collegiate course and becoming a lawyer or judge, and Lelia a stylish young lady, proficient in music and painting as her mother had once been, but his mind would go back to the little pair at Eureka who must often have suffered with hunger and cold but for him. The boy who made a hobby-horse of his knee and the girl who traded kisses for candy and searched the bottom of his coat pocket for one more stick. How closely they had crept into his very life since their mother had given them to him with

her last breath. Would she trust her proud, cold brother before him? Which life would she prefer for her darlings if she could make the choice?

Floyd and Lelia were chattering over the tea-cups while these thoughts presented themselves, and Fletcher felt a sickening sensation as he sat down at the head of the table. He was too miserable to eat, but he struggled on with a cup of tea and tasted one of Lelia's biscuits that she might not be disappointed. Then, complaining of a headache, he stretched himself on the broad settee with his face hidden against his arm, and went on thinking.

It was quite dark before he arose and took his hat from the window ledge.

"I am going back to the mill, Lelia," he said wearily. "There are some accounts to transfer and books to overhaul that will keep me so late you need not sit up for me. Floyd may chain Ben Bolt in the shed, lock the door, and both of you may go to bed. I have the key."

"You look too tired for night work, Father Joe," said Floyd.

"I shall find time to rest by and by," he replied. "Good night."

"Good night," echoed the two youthful voices as he went out into the gloom, and Fletcher walked swiftly over the path that crept along the mountain side, with groups of trees and ledges towering above, and other trees and ledges dimly outlined below.

His oft-repeated journeys to and from the mill in daylight and darkness had made every foot of the way familiar to him, so that he followed it in mechanical security, but at a short curve he tripped on something and fell, grasping at some shrubbery to save himself from plunging down the gorge.

Still hanging, he felt a pair of stout hands pushing him off, and at last he lost his balance entirely and went over, striking heavily on a shelf-like ledge several feet below. For a moment he was stunned, but rallying his senses, he tried to rise and found it an impossibil-

ity. His right leg hung limp and helpless, broken directly above the knee. To call for help was his next impulse, but the slouching figure that had quickly slipped down after him, smothered the cry on his lips and in two minutes his hands were made fast and he was skillfully gagged.

"Beg pardon, Joseph," said a low voice in his ear. "I'm usin' you rough, but I'm blegged to take care of my character, and long's you wouldn't go snacks with me in the Sibley grab, I'm afraid you might blow on me. Then if it come to a scrimmage 'mongst brother-in-laws, you'd be apt to make it two agin one, and the one would be the tramp. So good by, dear Joe. Don't fret about missin' your pintment with yender high-toned duffer at the mill. I'll be thar in your place."

Laughing softly at his own course wit, Dalton clambered up the steep ascent and without removing the rope he had stretched across the path, went cautiously on to the mill, while Joe Fletcher lay alone under the starlight, tortured with both physical and mental distress, and powerless to prevent the contemplated crime.

Meanwhile at home, Lelia had been explaining to Floyd her suspicions concerning the despondency of their step-father, and the rights and privileges of relationship were weighed and estimated in a way that would have astonished Morris Sibley had he overheard them.

"And Father Joe went back to the mills with a headache," said Floyd regretfully. "Now he'll toil at the books till midnight without eating anything, and he'll be too faint and hungry to walk home."

"Why don't we carry him a lunch?" "You kindle the fire and I'll make coffee and broil the breast and wing of a pheasant."

"That's an idea!" cried Floyd with enthusiasm. "Let's act on it at once!"

In a short time the food was made ready, and packed in a willow basket, a

lantern was lighted and they were equipped for their walk. As they closed the door, the bear, hearing their voices, began to snarl and move about, rattling his chain against the upright posts of the shed.

"Ben Bolt knows we are going away and does not relish being left alone," said Floyd. "It would be fun to turn him out and let him follow us."

"Do!" cried Lelia. "He will be a capital body-guard!"

The sagacious beast was delighted to be set at liberty, and as he had often been allowed to accompany the children to the mills, he shook himself in a congratulatory fashion and swung into the road in advance of Floyd, turning his head now and then to be sure that he was closely followed. Suddenly he stopped, lowered his nose to the ground, and growled.

"Go on!" ordered Floyd, but the bear stood still and continued his hostile demonstrations.

"There is something wrong ahead of us!" said Lelia. The boy ran forward, flashed the lantern athwart the path, and exclaimed in surprise:

"It is a rope snare laid for Father Joe to trip him on his way home! Now who could be bad enough for that?"

"The strikers?" suggested Lelia.

"I do not believe it!" returned the boy, jerking violently at one of the stakes and flinging it across to the opposite side. "The mill men all liked Father Joe too well to harm him!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Lelia as Floyd drew his knife from his pocket and opened it.

"Cut the rope loose and take it with us, so that those who set the snare can do no more mischief with it to-night. I wonder what Father Joe will say when he learns of the scheme."

Poor Joe! He was lying now on a bench of the cliff within reach of their voices, crippled and deprived of speech, with the chill air of that mountainous region penetrating his clothing and the night dew pattering on the leaves of

the trees and shrubs around him. His very nearness to them brought a pathetic sense of his entire helplessness, and his greatest efforts to attract their attention only resulted in a choking sort of moan.

"Hush!" exclaimed Lelia. "What was that sound?"

Both children paused and listened intently, but it was not repeated, and they went on slowly, still led by Ben Bolt.

The mill office was lighted by the flaring blaze of a kerosene lamp and Sibley was seated before the desk waiting for the overseer, when a shuffling footstep stopped at the threshold, and the face of the tramp showed itself through the opening door. He came in with a deliberate air and secured the lock behind him so dexterously that the noise seemed to be merely a clicking of the latch. Then, bracing his back against the panels of the door, as if to hold himself level on his feet, he transferred the key to his hip pocket, covering the act with the contortions of a spasmodic fit of coughing.

"Good evenin', Mister!" he drawled, after what appeared to be a proper effort to clear his thick voice. "You look's if you might be waitin' fer somebody."

Sibley regarded him with a frown of disgust, but did not condescend to speak.

"I reckon it's Joe Fletcher, but he's got a job somewhere else, so I'm in his place. I'm his brother-in-law, and as you're his brother-in-law too, that makes you'n me not strictly related, but just connected. Give us your fist on it!" and Dalton extended a soiled and shaky hand toward the fastidious gentleman, who shrank away as the other approached him.

"Don't touch me!" he said sharply. "You are drunk!"

"Mebbe I be, friend, but you gimme the chink that paid for the fire-water! The giver's more blessed than the

receiver, but you see I'm enjoyin' the uproarin' time gittin' full and havin' a blow-out on your bounty!"

With a stupid leer he reeled close to Sibley and extended his arms as if to embrace him in a freak of maudlin intoxication, but when the one had drawn steadily back, and the other had staggered persistently forward to the extreme corner of the room, Dalton's attitude changed, and with skillful rapidity he leaped upon the unsuspecting man, bearing him down to the floor and taking possession of the revolver, whose silver-mounted handle showed from an inner pocket in his coat.

For a few moments Sibley made a desperate resistance, but the tramp was the stronger of the two and he soon had his victim's arms pinioned so that he could not defend himself.

"I aint so beastly drunk ez I might be, Mr. Sibley," he said triumphantly, "an' I want yer money an' yer watch; failin' to get 'em I shall be apt to blow yer brains inter the near future!"

Panting and trembling with anger, Sibley lay under his assailant's hands in haughty silence, while Dalton rifled his pockets.

"You're doin' well to keep yer mouth shut," continued the villain, "I'm awful handy with shootin' irons, an' one little squeal would be a bad symtom in your case. Hello! here's a check book; now, that's lucky; you can fill out one of these blanks here for a couple of thousand dollars, an' sign it with yer own John Henry. It will save me from doin' forgery!"

Knotting stout cords about the feet of the prostrate man, the tramp left him long enough to go to the desk and bring pen and ink. Then he jerked him to a sitting posture, released his right hand and ordered him to write.

"Make the draft fer two thousand!" he said, toying significantly with his revolver. "I shell take it to the First National Bank of 'Frisco, an' if it's a bigger haul, there might be a kick agin payin' it. An' mind you fix it up

regular so when 'Frisco telegraphs to t'other bank, it'll be straight."

Sibley scribbled hastily and added his signature with a scornful curve of the lips. His first step on being released would, of course, be to send a telegram to San Francisco and stop the payment of the check, and the dispatch would reach that city before Dalton could, even if he lay twenty-four hours in the office without being discovered and set at liberty.

"Ez far as I kin see, the dockyment is O K.," he said cheerfully, "t's all crossed, i's all dotted an' yer name spelt with capitals. I'll put it away fer safe keepin' an' then proceed to further business."

Placing the articles he had taken from Sibley in different hiding places about his person, Dalton stepped back as if estimating the distance between them, and raised the revolver in his hand. His bantering tone had entirely disappeared.

"You're a rich swell, Sibley, an' I'm a jail bird!" he said bitterly. "When you was a writin' that draft I seen in yer face that if you ever got free you'd give half yer 'swad' and yer hull life to run me down an' put me in the pen—an' you'd do it, blast you! Everything's on your side,—larnin', law, money an' friends; an' everything's agin me! I never studied anything but meanness. I'm a terror to the law! All the money I've hed fer the last ten years I've begged er stole, an' I hain't hed a friend since my wife died. I don't want any of these here things! I jest want a chance to bet an' drink an' fergit myself awhile, an' I've got some shiners to do it with; but you stand in my way! If you've got sins to be sorry fer, er prayers to say, 'tend to 'em mighty quick! I'm going to put you out of my road inside of five minutes by that old office clock yender."

There was a dead silence in the room, and Dalton glared savagely at the doomed man, whose eyes had not left his face while he spoke.

Outside and far away, as if the sound came from another world, Sibley could hear the monotonous falling of the water over the Pixley dam. In the midst of and above it, a nightingale's voice, clear, penetrating and sweet, trilled its familiar song. Nature would be untouched by the close of one life, though it meant so much to him. The water-fall would go on murmuring, the birds would sing on, the stars would shine through the long night, and he would be lying in his own blood, a senseless clod, of which it would soon be said, "Earth to earth, and dust to dust." Neither repentance nor prayer occupied his mind. He was overwhelmed with the immediate and annihilating nearness of death, and fell to counting the loud pulsations of his heart, and estimating how many more would be allowed him.

The clock ticked with sickening regularity and Dalton stood motionless before him with the weapon poised in his hand, while around the corner of the building three dark figures were stealthily creeping and two childish faces appeared at the window, intent on surprising Father Joe. They were flushed and smiling countenances when they first presented themselves, but they became white and resolute when the terror of the scene made itself manifest, and both disappeared without being seen by the inmates of the office.

"Do you know those men?" Lelia whispered when they had retreated a few steps from the window.

"No," replied Floyd, "but one will surely kill the other if we don't prevent it!"

"What can we do? Oh, where is Father Joe?" said the girl anxiously.

"Stay here a moment," commanded Floyd, and making a signal to Ben Bolt, they went to the door where the bear began to sniff around the threshold. Floyd always carried a duplicate key to the office, and he slipped it into the lock, keeping the curiosity and interest of his companion stimulated by

a series of comprehensive motions. There was a creak in the spring, and, putting caution aside, he turned the knob and threw the door wide open. At the same instant, a sharp report rang out on the air and Morris Sibley's head fell from its leaning position against the wall. Then as the boy and the bear pushed their way into the room, Dalton wheeled and presented the still smoking pistol, but at the first hint of danger for his young master, Ben Bolt rushed to the fray with all the ferocity of his species in their native condition.

The assault was so unexpected that the tramp discharged his revolver at random and without damage to his foes,—soon finding the last chamber empty and brought to so close a struggle that he could only use the weapon in dealing blows on the animal's tough skin. But Ben Bolt was not daunted by this mode of warfare so long as Floyd stayed by and encouraged him. Scarcely aware of his own strength, he boxed his adversary rather lightly at first, but warming to the work, his paws moved with more energy, and presently Dalton was lying on the floor while the bear was hugging him and tearing his clothes.

At this juncture he thought of his knife and drew it, but Floyd had been watching for the action, and managed to knock it from his hand. When the brute had the man completely in his power, the intrepid boy ran for the rope he had brought from the cliff, and calling to Lelia for help, they bound him hand and foot, shuddering at the oaths he hurled at them and finding it no easy task to persuade Ben Bolt to relinquish his prey.

Then, when this was accomplished, they went to the corner where Sibley lay, and Lelia held the lantern while Floyd slashed his bonds and removed them with nervous haste? His features were set and pallid, his hair was soaked with blood and there was a pool of it beside his still face.

"He must be dead!" said Floyd with a shiver, but we ought to bring a doctor here. Run to Jim Green's, Lelia, and ask him for help. Ben Bolt and I will watch while you are gone."

The girl flitted quickly away and in a brief space of time all of Pixley poured into the little office, setting a guard over Dalton, applying restoratives to the body of Sibley, and deluging the children with questions and praises, which were cut short by a cry of grief from Lelia.

"Oh, why are we waiting here," she cried, "when Father Joe must be lying at the foot of the cliff where we found the snare across the path. Come, Floyd!" and snatching the lantern, she ran toward home with Ben Bolt racing after her in the darkness.

An interested party of men led by Floyd followed them, and scrambling down to the rocky shelf, they found the overseer strangling under the continued pressure of the gag, and quivering with the pain of his broken leg.

Tender hands bore him to his mountain home, and loving hearts ministered to him there, but a shadow had fallen across Joe's life, and, as time passed and his limb healed, it seemed to grow deeper. For Morris Sibley was not dead. He had only received a scalp wound, and during his convalescence he had visited the little cabin with condescending kindness to Fletcher and gracious words to his nephew and niece.

Floyd and Lelia were intelligent, handsome, and brave. They had saved his life and he was determined to adopt them. He pressed his claims persistently on Joe, and in the severe conflict between love and duty that arose in the honest overseer's mind, the latter finally prevailed.

He called the boy and girl to him and announced his decision in a few words that might have seemed cold to those who did not know him.

He had purposely delayed this conversation till the very day of Sibley's

departure from Pixley, that the agony of explanations and the parting might come together. He felt so pitifully weak that he longed to have the bitter trial finished at once.

When the questions that would naturally arise were all answered, and the details of the coming journey rehearsed, poor Joe took them in his arms and kissed them.

"Dear hearts," he said brokenly, "God bless and be with you both! I could not love you more than I do now, even though I send you away from me, and I shall never love you less! Life will be brighter for you than I could make it here, and when I go to meet your mother, I can say to her that I have kept my trust without selfishness. You will not forget Father Joe—you will write to me now and then, and when you see the evening star that we have watched so many times from our door-step here in the mountains, you will think that it shines on me too, and that I am thinking of you. Go, now, and good by!"

He covered his face and pushed them gently from him. When they were really gone and he was left alone, he felt that he should not last long, and that this was a final farewell, but he rallied his strength and looked after them as they went sobbing along the path toward Pixley station.

They were dressed in their best clothes—the last he could ever buy for them—and he thought there were no children in the world as pretty as they! When he could see them no more, he took his crutches, and limping out to the shed where Ben Bolt was chained, he laid his head on the bear's shaggy neck and wept as if he too was a child!

It was all for the best, he said again and again, but by and by he began to feel cold and he went back to the house and lay down on the settee, covering himself with a slumber-robe Lelia had made for him. While he lay there, he heard the shriek of the in-

coming train and pictured to himself Sibley, tall, straight, and handsome, taking Floyd and Lelia on board and giving them seats with his most aristocratic air. Presently the humming of the car-wheels and the puffing of the engine announced that the train was moving.

The sacrifice was made—all was over, and his loneliness was complete. He put his hands over his ears that he might not hear them go from him, and so he did not know that eager feet were approaching the door; that bright faces drew near and bent over him; but he opened his eyes when a kiss fell on his forehead, and as his hands dropped to his side he saw Lelia's blooming cheeks and heard her delicious laugh.

"Oh, Father Joe! dear, foolish Father Joe!" she said, beckoning Floyd to come nearer. "It was useless for you to try to cast us off, for we have been returned to you in disgrace, having mortally offended our uncle Morris."

"How could you have done it?" Fletcher gasped feebly.

"Easy enough," said Floyd. "When we had hashed up the Sibley family and made a joint 'declaration of independence,' adding a few of our choice little plans for making his home an interesting place if he persisted in dragging us there, he thought we were like dynamite,—dangerous explosives, and renounced us forever!"

"Upon which we determined to come to you for protection, Father Joe," continued Lelia. "I hope you will not refuse shelter to the homeless waifs!"

Fletcher's face was glowing with smiles. In the fullness of content he could not bring himself to chide the wayward boy and girl who had deliberately shut themselves away from the world of wealth and fashion for his sake, and disconnected words of thankfulness began to shape themselves on his lips, which Lelia immediately interrupted:

"Hereafter we are to watch the evening star together till death part

us, for Floyd and I are not Sibleys, not even Stacys at heart—we are just Joe's children."

With this remark, sentiment was dismissed, and her next was the matter of fact order, "Now, Floyd, bring Ben Bolt out for an old-style frolic!"

They rushed from the room leaving a strange silence behind them, but in the overseer's ear a girlish voice seemed still repeating:

"Joe's children! Joe's children!"

It was the sweetest music he had ever heard!



VICTORY.

[Respectfully dedicated to Captain Philip, of the battleship Texas, July 3, 1898.]

THE victory's ours! The foeman's vaunted fleet
Pledged to defend its haughty nation's pride,
Is torn with shot and shell, and furnace heat.
And men aflame with passion's fiercer tide
Sink from our sight: "Don't cheer!"

In foreign homes, hearts ache and vainly plead
For quick return of brother, son or sire;
Body and spirit fast are being freed
'Neath kindly wave, or steel-girt funeral pyre.
'Twill soon be o'er! "Don't cheer!"

Their work is done; they bravely fought and lost;
Restrain the victor's vibrant, ringing breath;
Send no exultant note the space across
To mock the vanquished in the hour of death.
"They're dying, boys! Don't cheer!"

Now to the God of battles, lift the heart
With reverent, upward look, and pledge anew
In this, the hour of triumph, that your part
Shall still be borne to home and honor true,
"My hero-boys! Don't cheer."

Sara C. Wilbur.

Woman's Club Department.

By HARRIET C. TOWNER.

BIENNIAL NOTES.

THE progress made by the clubs of the South in the last two years is remarkable, and it is thought the impetus already given will be greatly strengthened and increased by the action of the convention in electing a Southern woman to the presidency.

The enthusiasm with which the National songs were sung and applauded during the convention was very great. In relation to the war Mrs. Henrotin said in her address:

"And now a word as to the new aspects of our national life. When the war was first declared, I fancy that to many of us it came with a certain shock that made us pause as if we had received a blow, and stopped to consider what it signified, when a great industrial nation, supposed to be pledged to the triumph of right through arbitration, should go to war. Whether the war could have been averted or not it does not behoove us to-day to ask; it is here, and the question before the women of the country is, in what manner we must accept it. I trust I shall not be accused of the fanaticism of sympathy when I say that I think we should bear our part in it, and that I am surprised that the women of the country do not seem to realize their great ethical responsibility on this occasion. If this war means anything to us as a nation, we must accept it in the same spirit with which the Crusaders went to Palestine to rescue the tomb of Christ. I think the women should take it very solemnly. If it is necessary that we sacrifice on the altar of liberty, let us accompany that sacrifice with appropriate ceremonies, and let us by our attitude in this great national crisis demonstrate that we enter into the spirit of the sacrifice."

A telegram was sent President McKinley endorsing the policy of the administration in relation to the war.

It was impossible for the opponents of the per capita tax to continue to oppose it after Miss Haas, who represented the Woman's Century Club of the National Cash Register Company, of Ohio, said that her club, consisting of 200 entirely self-supporting working women, valued the inspiration and help derived from the General Federation so highly that they would be ashamed to offer any objection to such reason-

able and equitable taxation. If those clubs which consider the new tax too heavy will look at it as an individual contribution rather than as club dues, it will seem a very small thing, certainly not important enough to prohibit any club from becoming a member of the General Federation.

The History of the Women's Club Movement in America, upon which Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) has been engaged for four years is at last completed. It is a most complete and exhaustive résumé of the work of the clubs of the United States, and very valuable. Mrs. Croly has made many sacrifices in completing this work and it is hoped that clubs will show their appreciation of her work.

Among the year books in the club exhibit at the Woman's Club rooms in Denver, many that were artistic as to binding and valuable as to contents were noted. The tendency to a thoroughly careful study of one subject at a time, no matter how long the time required, is increasing. One year book, remarkable for its exhaustive outline of one subject, was not printed until the club had finished the year, that they might not be hampered by dates which would make them hurry from one phase of the subject to another faster than was consistent with thorough study.

The Denver Women's Club, with its membership of 1,000, has a remarkable record. Every movement for the public welfare has its sympathy and cooperation. The Home Department superintended a course of lectures in Kitchen Garden, by an expert teacher, and have established three schools managed by the twenty graduates. This department helped to organize the Baby Hospital, and have made a large number of articles for its use. They have established a School of Domestic Science and will increase the number of Kitchen Gardens. The members of the Reform Department originated the City Improvement Society, arranging a course of lectures to further its work.

They assisted the Science and Education Departments in obtaining the State Library Commission law from the Legislature, and a curfew ordinance from the city council. The Art and Literature Department have placed engravings of the best works of art in the public schools and have purchased pictures for the club rooms. They have formed eight extensions for women whose home duties or other occupations prevent them from attending the club meetings. The Department of Science and Philosophy have established a traveling library for other clubs in the state, securing the cooperation of the Denver Public Library and becoming responsible for the necessary expenses. The especial work of the

Philanthropic Department has been Pingree Gardening and the Penny Provident Fund, and the Department of Education has published "Suggestions for School Work," embracing the most approved modern methods of education in graded schools.

The Middle-West sent a large number of its representative women to the Biennial. The delegations from Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois, included a large number of distinguished visitors, as well as delegates; each being also represented by the president of the State Federation and chairman of correspondence.

HOME THEMES.

Lines to James Whitcomb Riley.

Loved Poet, when your genius beams
Upon the rude and homely themes,
They melt into poetic dreams
Of bygone days;
The memory of a time that seems
To live always.

The old play ground, the favorite tree,
The orchard and the clovered lea;
None other doth so clearly see
In life's review,
The scenes that were most dear to me
When life was new.

The swimming hole, the old chain swing,
The fishing pole with p'n and string.
The old haymow—and everything
I loved so well—
You know them all; their praises sing,
Their pleasures tell.

What joy if all our life could be
From care and sorrow ever free
As in those happy days when we
Played in the sun,
And life's dark shadow ne'er did see
Come creeping on!

Thus, dreaming of that time, I've penned
This homely tribute which I send
"In echo of the songs that wend
From thee to me,"
A stranger, but admiring friend.
My only plea.

Corrilla C. Lewis.

HIS FIRST SUSPENDERS.

Just see that small boy walking off down the
street,
He feels he's a man, from his head to his
feet;
He's no time to notice those other small lads
Except condescendingly call "Hello Tads!"
He's wearing his first suspenders.

His hands in his pockets, his hat's on one
side,

His head is thrown back with an air of high
pride;
He can feel the red stripes where the braces
divide;
He's forgotten he ever played marbles or
cried,
He has on his first suspenders.

Papa observes him with nod and with smile,
Remembering old "by gones" he muses
awhile
On his barefooted days,
And the old fashioned ways,
And the joy of the first suspenders.

Oh, friend what has happened since you and
I stood
In that first glorious step from our lost baby-
hood?
Is the grandeur of manhood less grand than
it seemed
By the light of the dreams that our fond
hearts dreamed
Neath those magical new suspenders?

Oh, we old boys have learned, thro' the past's
unshed tears,
That the future looks best thro' a vista of
years,
And the glory our boy-fancy pictured out
there,
Gets sort of "used up" with the every day
wear,
Like the stretch in our new suspenders.

Rosa Henderson.

TEMPERAMENTALISMS.

That there is such a thing as racial
temperamentalism, no student of human
nature will deny, and innumerable ex-
amples of the morbid tendencies of
some nationalities and the mental ad-
justability of others—to the same con-
ditions,—are furnished any close ob-
server of the common events of every-
day life.

Our teutonic brother of the rural districts, for example, takes this world seriously, not to say intensely. He resigns himself to its rigid discipline with a patience heroic in type, is devoted to his family, who, in return, repay their indebtedness with the most loyal fidelity through life, showing a consideration and veneration for the aged which is truly beautiful.

Emotional extremes are rare with these sturdy yeomen, and living as it were upon the northern boundary of the mental temperate zone, they lack the quick responsiveness to relaxing influences, which characterizes the dwellers of more genial climes. The undue exclusion of pleasure in their pursuits has affected their dispositions unfavorably, and, over-weighted with care and responsibility, it is no wonder that so large a proportion of this worthy class fill our insane hospitals before they attain middle age.

When trouble and misfortune overtake them it is almost impossible to cheer them, and their hopeless endurance of their fate is unspeakably pathetic.

A humorous illustration of this trait is offered in the case of an Iowa German named Pete, at a time when the Prohibition law was rigidly enforced in the State.

A friend attempted to console him for the loss of his sole luxury by encouraging him in the belief that the act would prove to be unconstitutional, and that a resumption of his heart-lightening but head-weighting propensity was certainly listed among the possibilities of the near future.

The effort was unsuccessful, however, for while Pete listened respectfully, punctuating the other's argument with appreciative nods, and conceding that it was not without its strong points, still, the deprivation of his chiefest

joy prevented the consideration of any compensation in the light of an indemnity for injuries sustained, and, sighing heavily, he replied:

"It didn't was no use anyhow, for when de grass was growed, the cow was died!"

Our Irish brother offers the strongest contrast to these somber characteristics. He is a born philosopher and avails himself of the best at hand, hating friction as he does snakes.

With an impressionableness which sees alike the humorous and the pathetic side of every condition, and a generosity equal to his heart expansiveness, he becomes a valuable factor in the social equation.

His far-famed wit combines in admirable proportion both humor and logic; while for spontaneity and cleverness of repartee the Celt is without a peer.

His aptitude for discovering the bright side of things is perhaps nowhere better illustrated than in the traditional incident in which two friends were standing at the top of a steep hill and one of them determined to ride to the bottom upon a huge rolling log.

As the man at the summit witnessed the disastrous predicament of his companion, his native sympathy moved him to shout encouragingly:

"Don't ye be discouraged, Paddy, sure yere on top half the time!"

Du Maurier's belief that one drop of English blood is the strongest part of a man, is a beautiful tribute to his mother's country; and in a spirit born of the same loyalty to those elements which have created the Nineteenth century American, we claim that in the distribution of the best qualities of all nations—those which have entered into the composition of the ideal citizen and patriot—America has obtained the lion's share.

Maria Weed.

WORDS.

HE is thy friend who counts his words
Of blame or praise as he would count his gold,
Nor hoards them like a miser till the good
They might have done is past the being told.

Clifford Trembly.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

IN GENERAL GRANT'S letter to General Sherman, written on the 19th of February, 1862, and quoted in Colonel Emerson's "Grant" (p. 123 of the present number) occur these modest words, which, uttered by another in like circumstances might have been thought to be insincere, but as used by Grant were never for a moment questioned by his generous friend and fellow-soldier:

I feel under many obligations to you for the kind tone of your letter, and hope that should an opportunity occur, you will win for yourself the promotion which you are kind enough to say belongs to me. I care nothing for promotion so long as our arms are successful and no political appointments are made.

It is to be hoped that the same generous spirit may continue to prevail among our soldiers and sailors in high places in the present war. Despite journalistic and congressional busybodies in other men's matters, the examples of patriotism and generosity set by our three great citizen-soldiers during the War of the Rebellion are not lost on Miles, Shafter, Brooke, Lee, Dewey, Sampson, Schley and Watson. It is a matter of general congratulation that the McKinley administration, profiting by the errors and blunders of Halleck and others high in authority under President Lincoln is doing nothing solely for his party and is doing everything in its power for the State; is doing nothing to advance or retard the military fortunes of any man or men, but is doing all in its power with one grand end in view to conquer a peace that shall be just and lasting.

* *

WE ARE just now reading and hearing much about a world-embracing alliance of all English-speaking people. Events are making our history and remolding our philosophy with startling rapidity. The projectoscope is scarcely more phenomenal in its quick succession of views than is the history of our time

projected upon the pages of our daily newspapers. Speaker Reed, with a patriotism that is unquestioned, plants himself upon the policy of isolation, which in Washington's time was clearly wise, and declares that "Empire must wait." But "the common sense of most" has already passed on beyond that doctrine, and Destiny is thundering in our ears, from Cuba, from Porto Rico and from the uttermost parts of the earth, "We are not our own; we are God's trustees; we are our brothers' keeper; Empire will not longer wait." Responsibilities we never sought are already upon us, and may not be evaded by cowardly abandonment, by treaties of peace where there is no peace, or by mercenary bargain and sale.

* *

SPEAKING of the present glorious possibilities of a world-including alliance of English-speaking people, it is interesting to recall the fifty-year-old prophecy of Carlyle, in his *Heroes and Hero-Worshippers*. In language fuller of suggestion now than when it was first uttered, in 1848, this grandest prophet of the Nineteenth Century thus pays tribute to the part which Literature pays in the development of a people:

"In America, in New Holland, East and West to the very antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the globe. And now what is it can keep all these together into virtually one nation so that they do not fall out and fight, but live in peace, in brother-like intercourse, helping one another? . . . Acts of Parliament, administrative prime ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic for there is much reality in it: Here I say is an English King whom no time, or chance, Parliament or combination of parliaments can dethrone! This King Shakespeare, does not he shine, in

crowned sovereignty over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; indestructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another, 'Yes, this Shakespeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him.'"

* *

FROM Shakespeare to English literature, a large part of which he is, and from literature to libraries is a natural transition. There is no more promising movement of our time than the library movement. The prominence given it in chautauqua circles and in local, state and national meetings of women's clubs, and the noticeable abandonment of the old watch-dog idea of a librarian's duties by library boards and librarians themselves, all together point to great advancement during the Twentieth Century in furtherance of this movement's great purpose: the bringing together of books which are needed, and the men, women and children who need them.

* *

THIS movement did not begin with us, nor will it end with us. The first library movement is thought to have had its origin in Thebes, hundreds of years before the Christian era. The first library, then and there founded, bore over its portals this inscription: "Store-house of Medicine for the Soul." Those Thebans were very wise. The inscription might have advertised Entertainment and Instruction for the Mind, but they went down deeper than that. They had discovered thus early in the world's literary life, that books—the great books—"books of power," as De Quincey puts it,—books "vitaly

conceived," as Mabie well terms them,—actually work the cure of hurt souls and bring relief to weary souls. And this wisdom of years ago is the highest and best wisdom of to-day—the wisdom behind the work of the Chautauqua clubs, the women's clubs, the library clubs and the traveling library movement.

The library rightly administered and wisely appropriated is now, and it was in ancient Thebes, balm for hurt minds and souls, strength for the weak, renewed and increased strength for the strong. It is the highest form of entertainment for mind and soul, and wisely prescribed and administered it unqualifiedly benefits and blesses.

* *

It is a satisfaction to be able to say, on high English authority, that America is taking lead and direction of this grand library movement of the time. American methods of classification are finding much favor abroad, especially in England, the great library center of the modern world.

While our new world has no one library that can equal the British Museum in the number of volumes catalogued, or the Bodleian library in the wealth of its literary treasures, yet in growth and in the quality of the growth, as in methods, America proudly leads the world.

It was reserved for New York, Ohio, Wisconsin and Iowa to lead the world in that new and peculiarly American enterprise—the Traveling Library—the noble purpose of which is to sow the seed of good literature in communities that otherwise could have little or no part nor lot in the great storehouses for the mind and soul in our large cities. But of this more hereafter.

* *

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU," sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," is ended, and all the leading characters except the queen are duly killed off, and the queen's doubtful virtue is circumstantially established. "Rupert" ought to

have died in the brain of its author. "The Prisoner of Zenda" closed artistically. The queen, true to the traditions of her family and the expectations of her people, bade farewell to her English lover, Rassendyll, and married the king of Strelsau. Artistically, there wasn't anything else for her to do. But now, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins drags the woman down from the high place in which he left her, and reveals her as false to her vow of wifehood, and, after the killing of her husband, eager to assume the relations of consort with her lover, whose personification of her husband had deceived the people. The plot hinges upon a compromising letter written by the queen to her lover, the one ambition of her lover and of her retainers being to shield her from exposure. In the main, the story is weak in construction, though it includes several strong situations. Wherein it is strong it is bad. By the way, why read spurious historical novels—even the best, such as "The Prisoner of Zenda,"—when the real thing, fully as interesting, may be had quite as easily? Why waste time on "Rupert of Hentzau," when our libraries and book stores contain the real thing, the historical novels produced by Mrs. Catherwood, and Harold Frederic, and Gilbert Parker, and Crockett, and George Eliot, and Dickens, and Scott and Victor Hugo?

* *

A CAREFULLY prepared and suggestive paper on the Sparrow, by Mr. Harry Edward Miller, appears in the present number. The writer commends this paper to its readers. Having been engaged for four months in a *daily* warfare with the pests, and thus far with no promise of ultimate victory, he can feelingly bear testimony to the truth of Mr. Miller's statements as to their persistency. Early in the spring two sparrows chose an east corner under the roof of his house, their nest resting upon the elbow of a water pipe. Every evening there was a well developed

nest to pull down, and every evening the nest was pulled down. Later, when two wrens, favorites of his family, came back to occupy their last year's quarters under an east porch, the sparrows fought them away and they located in an old disconnected water pipe on the barn, barring the entrance against their enemy. From this retreat they continued through the summer to wage a war of words against their powerful foe. After about sixty days, wearying of the daily task of destroying the sparrows' nest, the writer conceived the thought of drowning the sparrows out. The unwelcome guests seemed to enjoy the drenching from the hose, complacently regarding their evening bath as a considerate plan for their comfort during the heated term. His next scheme was to pull down the nest and stuff the aperture with burlap, giving the birds no room for a nest. His guests generously refused to see in this new device anything but a plan to make them more cozy and comfortable. They forced their way in under the roof and nestled down on the burlap and pronounced it good—the best yet. Returning from a brief vacation, the writer was informed that the sparrows were still masters of the situation. Down came the burlap and with it four very young sparrows, who did not survive the fall. Next day the birds had built a new nest, almost filling the vacant place; and the daily warfare was resumed. The July judgment of the writer was that birds as shrewd as sparrows ought to know when they're whipped: his August suspicion is that possibly he was long since beaten by the sparrows, but, like the Spaniards across the sea, hadn't sense enough to concede his defeat.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

James Lane Allen says he will stay in Kentucky,—reports to the contrary notwithstanding. He is now at work on what he thinks will embody all the humor of "A Kentucky Cardinal," the philosophic frankness of "Summer in

Arcady" and the spiritual seriousness of "The Choir Invisible," also town life and country life,—everything necessary to the making of the best yet

Dr. Albert Shaw, that profound thinker and practical man of affairs to whose conception, wrought out through years of closest application, we are indebted for that indispensable periodical, the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*, gave himself a brief vacation recently to attend the fiftieth anniversary of his *alma mater*, Iowa College, Grinnell.

The principal addresses delivered at the recent Semi-Centennial, at Grinnell, by President Gates, of Iowa College; Professor Macy, author of several standard works on constitutional law and kindred subjects, and Dr. Albert Shaw, on the present outlook for our nation, were notable for inherent strength, and for their Twentieth Century quality.

George W. Cable went to England to find a quiet place where he could complete a novel based upon his experience as a cavalry soldier in the Confederate army. But the celebrity-hunters found him, and they are doing what they are able to confuse his recollections of the War.

Following is a quotation from a recent letter from Mr. Edmund C. Stedman to Mrs. Mary J. Reid: "It pleased me to find your article (The Poetry of the Year, April MIDLAND), also an appreciation of our common friend—that true poet—Vance Cheney. He has an exquisite and very original sense of nature. You make an interesting group of passages from his work and Gerard de Nerval's . . . Cheney and Nerval are in communion with the soul of nature."

A St. Louis man, Mr. Elshemus, in the New York *Times*, accuses Mr. Le Gallienne, recently the literary hero of the hour in New York, of gross incivility. He treated the poet to Scotch whisky, but the poet went off by himself and drank his whisky, not so much as proposing the St. Louisman's health or offering to set 'em up again "as every gentleman does." Mr. Elshemus is himself a poet, being author of "A Spirit Song." Perhaps all this which he relates occurred in the spirit—or while Mr. Elshemus was in spirits; or possibly Mr. Le Gallienne had an inspiration and wanted to be alone. A poet under inspiration is not to be judged by the canons of good taste which regulate the bibulous habits of ordinary mortals.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The Dial finds that American fiction is just a hundred years old. Brown's "Wieland," published in 1798, "marked the beginning of the end of our long term of sterility."

The Independent has also adopted the magazine form. We predict that the *Youth's Companion* will soon follow suit.

We regret to have to say that *The Critic* has abandoned the weekly issues which were eagerly looked for by all book-lovers the country over, and has issued a double number for July and August. Hereafter, it will be issued monthly.

"Splendid Isolation or What?" is Henry M. Stanley's contribution to the *Nineteenth Century*. Of course it treats of the hands-off policy of English conservatism. From our American standpoint the English situation is embodied in the one word, "what?"

With genuine sorrow we announce the suspension of *The Chap-Book*, of Chicago. Its list has been turned over to *The Dial*. Mr. Stone worked long and hard to build up his *Chap-Book* from a primer of periness to a high-grade miscellany of *belles lettres*—and notably succeeded. But that portion of the public that smiled over the smartness and cuteness of the little *Chap-Book* of four years ago, yawned over the *Chap-Book* of 1897-98; and the small "substantial" class that approved the change read the library copy and gave the periodical their moral support—of which it died.

"Robinson Crusoe" stills holds first place in the hearts of ten-year-olds in England, as it does in America. The *Pall Mall Gazette* finds Defoe's classic first, "Alice in Wonderland" second, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" seventh—Mrs. Burnett's priggish young hero standing below the two books already named and "Through the Looking-glass," "The Rose and the Ring," "Jackanapes" and the "Story of a Short Life."

James Brice, in the *July Century*, discusses Equality (economic equality) to the conclusion that the question may prove "less menacing to the peace of society than many deem it to-day."

McClure's seems to have enlisted for the War. The July number has but one story, an Iowa story, by Octave Thanet,—which, by the way, is far from being the best of Mrs. French's admirable series of Iowa stories.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

VALAZQUEZ—1599-1660.

Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Valazquez once said: "I would rather be the prince of vulgar painters than the second of refined ones." He was the prince of realists. He took nature unadorned, unidealized, and followed her with unswerving fidelity. His direct presentation of those artificially refined Spanish nobles of King Philip's time, shows men and women of life and blood beneath all the stiff conventionalities of dress and manner.

Valazquez was born in 1599, in the old city of Seville. He was well educated in the things which were considered necessary for a gentleman of that time to know. He commenced the study of art early and in the home of his instructor, Pacheco, found the lovely Juana, whom he afterwards married. Valazquez was a gentleman and a painter of the "haute noblesse," yet he could present peasant life in all its coarse jovial pleasures, or its dull animal pain. The picture of the "Bebedores" or Topers, represents a rustic Bacchus, vine-crowned, surrounded by his drunken companions. This picture is so wonderfully true, that a woman shrinks back involuntarily from the bold leers in those wine-moistened eyes.

Van Dyke was also a painter of the nobility, but he could never descend to representing common things in their commonness—there he failed of truth. He must give the air of Charles I or Lady Clara Vere de Vere to the simple burger and his fat vrouw.

Valazquez, true to his conception of nature, painted as he perceived her, direct and unidealized. This same reality by his consummate genius being never commonplace or uninteresting.

The painter visited Italy several times in his youth, when one is supposed to be most impressable but though no doubt receiving much inspiration from the study of Raphael and Michaelangelo, yet it was an inspiration to be more himself, more thoroughly independent in his originality—more natural, more "vulgar," compared with the ultra refinement of the statal Italian school, which his great contemporary, Murillo, followed devoutly and became second only to Raphael among "refined" painters.

Valazquez's genius was more in harmony, his work more influenced by Rubens, who visited Spain in 1630, than by any other painter. In his later years he was greatly honored by his King and was given the post of Aposentador Mayor, an office which gave him little leisure for painting. He was much consulted by the King on State affairs. The picture called *Los Meninas* (Maids of Honour), has been called the "Theology of Painting," so perfect is it in form and technique, by many pronounced the Masterpiece. A room in the palace hung with pictures by Rubens; on the left in the picture stands the artist himself at an easel. In the center the Infanta Maria is taking a cup of water from a youthful lady in waiting; she is surrounded by others as young and debonair as herself. "It is a chance group fixed by magic for all time, on the canvas." The King was so pleased with the picture that he took a brush and painted the cross of Santiago on the breast of the pictured artist. This was Valazquez's last work. He died in 1660 from a fever contracted while making arrangements for the marriage of the Infanta Maria Theresa to Louis XIV. He was but 61 years old, at the very height of his power and ability. He was able to paint all subjects and succeed in all. He produced some remarkable religious pictures, but with his deep discernment in all things pertaining to art, he knew that the era of great religious painting had past.

Raphael and Michaelangelo had touched the zenith, so he chose to hold the mirror up to nature, the nature of his times, and thus did great service to history and art. Like the great Italians, Valazquez can only be truly seen in the galleries of his own country. As comparatively few Americans visit Spain we are not familiar with his greatest work, but the little portrait of the Infanta Margarite has always been considered one of the gems of the Louvre. From most tourists worn out with Titian beauties and "divine" Raphaels, this chubby, golden-haired child, in a rather ugly gray gown with black trimmings, would not get even a glance did not the magical " * * " of their Baedaker arrest their weary footsteps.

Valazquez's work can not attract the

uninitiated. He is the painter's painter, and he possesses all the excellences which modern artists most admire, directness in presentation of planes, perfection of grays, living flesh

tones, vitalizing atmosphere—these are the qualities which hold the artist-student in rapture before the chubby child in her dull gown, the Infanta of the Louvre.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

EMMA RAYNER'S BOOK.

"It is several years now since I began to make the history of the earlier American colonists, and particularly the Dutch settlers, an especial study," So writes Emma Rayner, the author of "Free to Serve." "I soon found the subject an interesting one and I thought other people might find it interesting, too. I spent much time among the descendants of those settlers and was delighted to find many traces of their Dutch origin. Possibly the decidedly Dutch flavor of life in some of the remote villages of New York State struck me more forcibly than it would have done one who had always lived in America. My home was across the sea. I passed my childhood in the university town of Cambridge, England, growing up under the shadow of its colleges. It was no wonder, therefore, that I became a student at Newnham College, which institution, together with Girton, has opened for women the gates of knowledge, as knowledge is dispensed at that ancient educational center. I entered the north hall of Newnham College, of which Miss Helen Gladstone was then principal, and having chosen mathematics as my specialty, took up the vigorous course of study required for the mathematical Tripos examination. I was fortunate enough to take honors in the Tripos of 1888, when my university course ended. Since that time I have turned my attention to literary work, having come to this country immediately after my college work was finished. Much study of books and characters and surroundings I deemed indispensable to any real success in portraying the earlier times on this continent, and in this study, together with some writing for magazines, I have found plenty to employ me since then."

No essay of this critic could compare with this modest woman's brief account of her work, in presenting that argument which should—but, alas, will not—modify the opinion of those who deem a little wit, a box of pens, a gallon of ink and a stack of linen tablets, sufficient equipment for a novelist. A university training is supplemented with ten years of diligent local research, and a range of reading covering all literatures, before Miss Rayner ventures to produce a book. Her novel offers the best evidence of the effectiveness of her preparation. One may hesitate to say that *Free to Serve* is the best novel of Colonial life yet published, but, at the least, and from any point of view, there are few to compare with it. The book is a realistic romance of strongly dramatic quality, of much originality of plot and incident, and of an English style almost beyond criticism. Her occasional Indians may speak after the stilted fashion of Cooper's, and there is anachronism in her use of the word *tepee*, but faults are few and far between. The moving, human interest of the drama, the exquisite clearness of the style, the wealth of incident, and marvelously lifelike pictures of Dutch homes and people, entitle Emma Rayner to rank among the foremost of American writers. Amid the multitude of the noisy and superficial—America's unique course in every field of endeavor—such writers as Emma Rayner loom like fertile, rock-ribbed oases in a wind-blown desert.

RECEIVED.

Cicero Laelius De Amicitia, by J. K. Lord. Published by American Book Co.

Birds of the United States, by Austin C. Appar. Published by American Book Co.



Photo by J. G. Lass.

VIEW OF PARK OF WEST END HOTEL.

A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.

SPIRIT LAKE AND THE TWO OKOBOJIS.

BY CHARLES F. WILCOX

PERHAPS no region in the Middle-West is favored with greater natural advantages or resources for a summer outing than the lake region in Northern Iowa, so well known in all parts of the country. Here are located Spirit Lake and East and West Okoboji Lakes. Nature seems to have been very prodigal of her gifts, in bestowing on this region the essentials of a popular Midland summer resort and resting place. Its location in the extreme northern part of Iowa and the southern part of Minnesota is a safeguard against excessive heat, which, with the vast amount of water in the locality, insures a temperature that is never uncomfortable, even in the hottest part of the summer. The surrounding country is gently undulating prairie, interspersed with natural forests which are heavier and more dense close to the lakes. The topography of

the region thus affords opportunity for much pleasure in riding or driving or bicycling.

The soil is a sandy loam, the proportion of sand and gravel increasing near the lakes, which prevents the water from becoming muddy and furnishes miles of hard sand and gravel beach, the ideal conditions for bathing and boating.

The lakes are in the form of a semi-circular chain about eighteen or twenty miles long. Beginning with Spirit Lake at the North, they extend southward and then to the West, then northward to the extreme end of West Okoboji, giving an area of about twenty-five or thirty miles of clear, crystal water for rowing, sailing, or steamer travel. Fishing is a favorite pastime, as the fish are very plentiful, the principal varieties being bass, pike, pickerel and perch. The supply of these

A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.

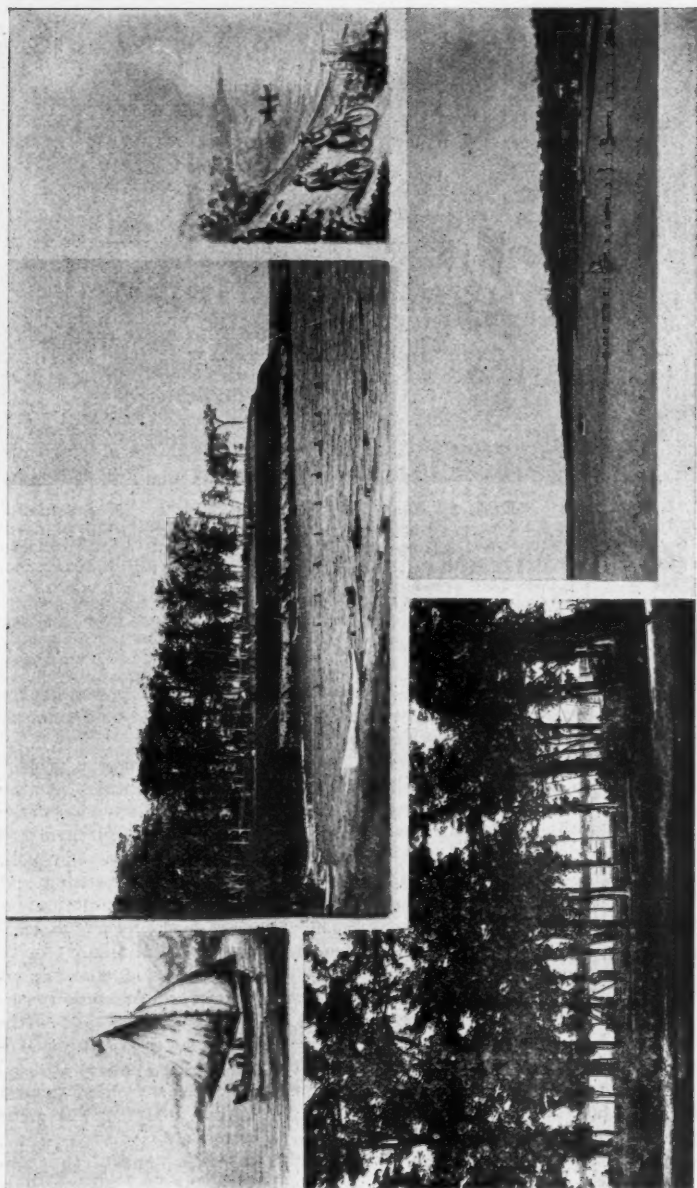


Photo by J. G. Lass.
 PILLSBURY'S POINT FROM ARNOLD'S PARK—VIEW OF PARK AND LAKE FROM ARNOLD'S PARK HOTEL—
 VIEW OF ARNOLD'S PARK AND BAY FROM PILLSBURY'S POINT.

A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.

cannot become exhausted owing to the steps taken by the State to keep the lakes replenished with fish from year to year.

The lakes were named by the Indians, the Indian name of Spirit Lake being Minne-waukon, meaning spirit water. The meaning of the name Okoboji, is unknown. It is evident, however, that the name Minne-waukon was applied from a feeling of superstitious awe with which the Indians regarded the lake. There has been much conjecture as to what was the cause of this feeling, but it may have been due to the fact that it has no outlet and no visible source from which it is fed. Notwithstanding this, it is always well filled, and is fresh and clear—facts worthy of consideration—and which may have been regarded by the Indians as being due to the special power of the "Great Spirit." There is a legend to the effect that from some unknown cause the Indians were afraid to venture on the lake, and if they did so, the waters immediately became troubled and the red man was drowned.

The first account of these lakes was



REV. SAMUEL PILLSBURY,
For whom Pillsbury's Point was named.

given by Nicollet, who passed through the country with an exploring expedition in 1837. John C. Fremont was a member of this party, and from the

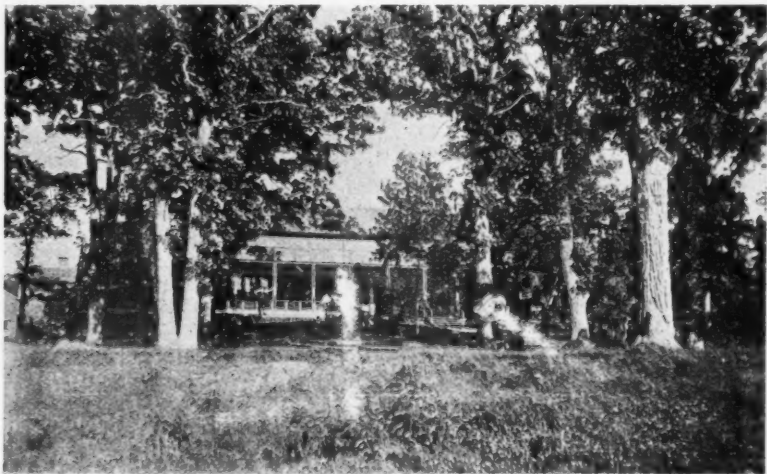


Photo by J. G. Lass.

ARNOLD'S PARK HOTEL, W. B. ARNOLD, PROPRIETOR—WEST OKOBOJI
LAKE FROM THE BEACH.

A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.

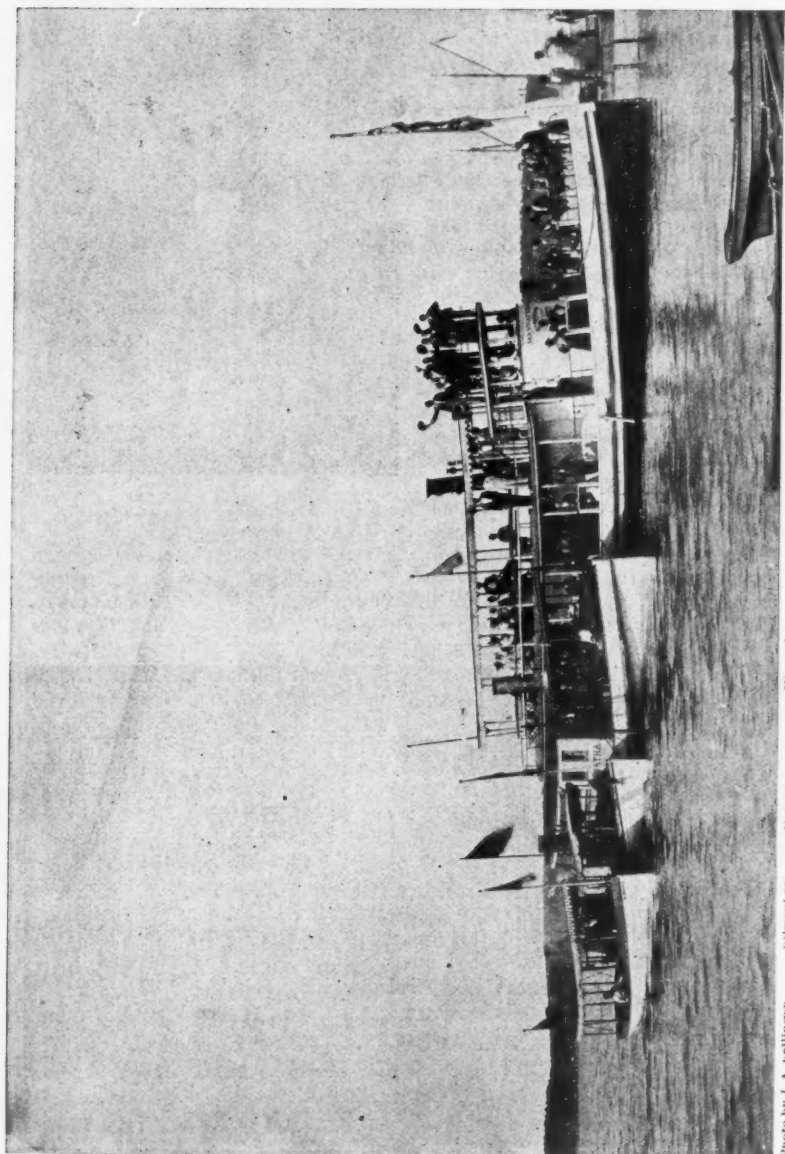
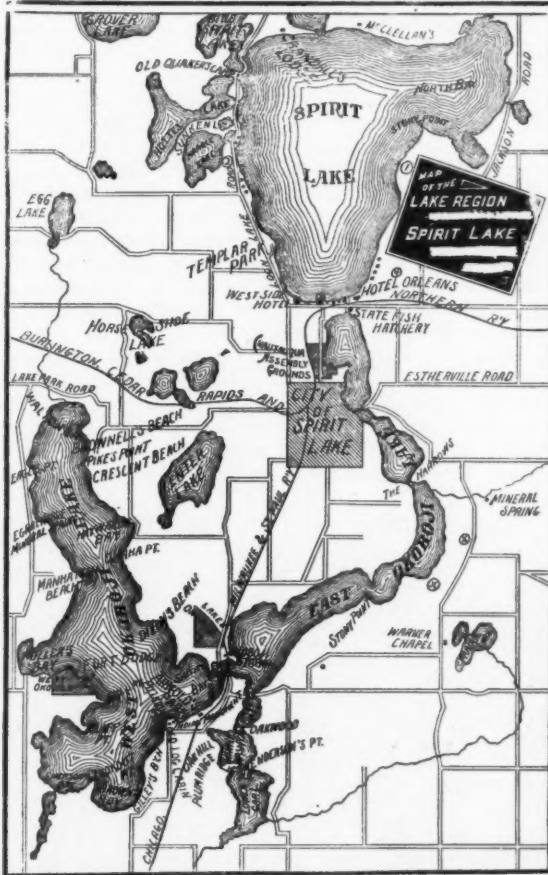


Photo by J. A. Kelling. Milwaukee. Chicago. Hawatha. Manhattan.
STEAMBOATS OF THE OKOBOJI STEAMER LINE, OWNED BY J. C. CHRISTENSEN.

A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.

descriptions they gave of the locality, they were evidently greatly impressed with the romantic character of the place which was destined to become so invaluable for the recreation of Midland people.

winter the memorable and horrible event, the Spirit Lake Massacre, took place. This brought the settlement into prominence, and the wonderful resources being better known, settlers came from all parts of the country and



Later reports were made from time to time by hunters, trappers and pioneers, who seemed to be attracted thither by the wildness of the scenery and by the mystical veil of obscurity which hung over it. Late in the year 1856 the first settlement was made, and the following

the community was rapidly settled. As time passed, it became more and more popular as a rendezvous for hunters and fishermen, until there was scarcely a sportsman in the surrounding territory who had not visited the lakes. As the popularity of the lakes increased in

A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.



Photo by J. G. Lass.

BUILDING OWNED BY MR. B. F. STEVENS.

this respect, there were many allusions to them as a future summer resort, but nothing was done toward developing the lakes in this respect until about sixteen years ago, when the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern constructed their line to the town of Spirit Lake. They began to call the attention of the people of the country to the rare possibilities of the lakes, and to develop the natural resources as a resort. In 1882 the railroad company erected the Hotel Orleans, and from

that time the interest and development have been marvelous, and are still increasing from year to year.

The present year, notwithstanding the other numerous and extraordinary attractions, the number of tourists far exceeds the expectations of the people of the lake region.

Owing to the light snowfall last winter, it was feared that the lakes would be lower than usual this summer, but abundant rains have so raised the lakes that all misgivings or apprehensions have been dismissed, and all are enjoying an unprecedented degree of interest in the lakes, with the full assurance that the past success is but an intimation of the future development and prosperity of this, the most romantic and interesting of all Midland summer resorts.

To those of our readers who will make their first visit to the lakes this summer, a short description of the surroundings and the principal attractions will be acceptable.

The town of Spirit Lake is reached



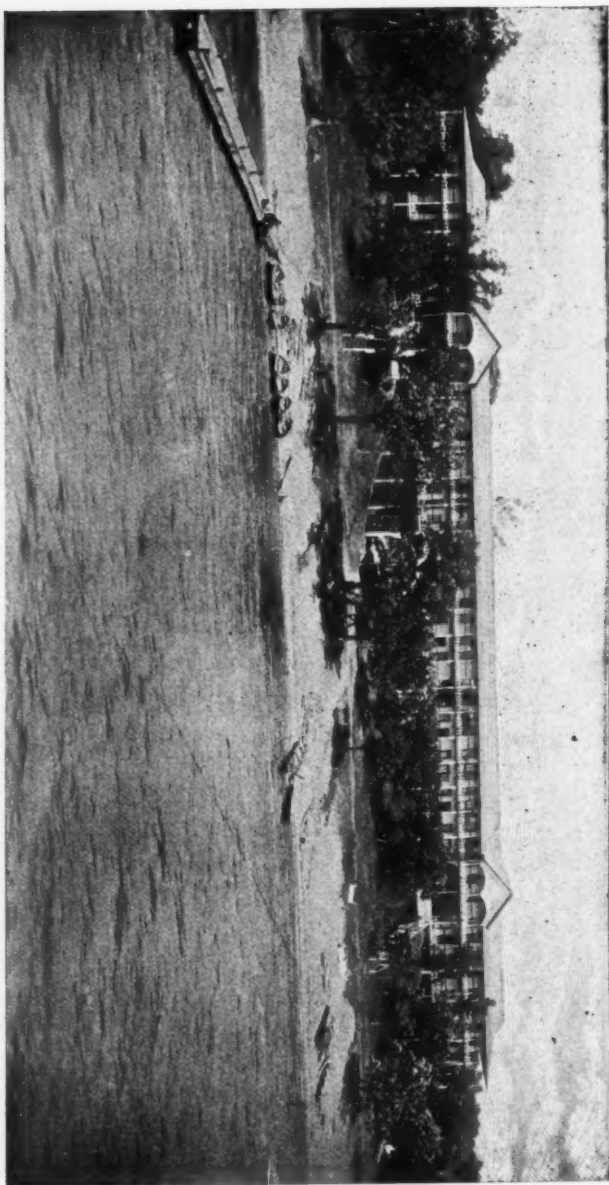
Photo J. G. Lass.

WEST END HOTEL, SPIRIT LAKE, FROM THE BEACH—
J. H. FERGUSON, PROPRIETOR.

A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.

Photo by J. A. Bellinger.

THE INN, DIXON'S BEACH, WEST OKOHOLI—J. A. BECK, PROPRIETOR.



A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.

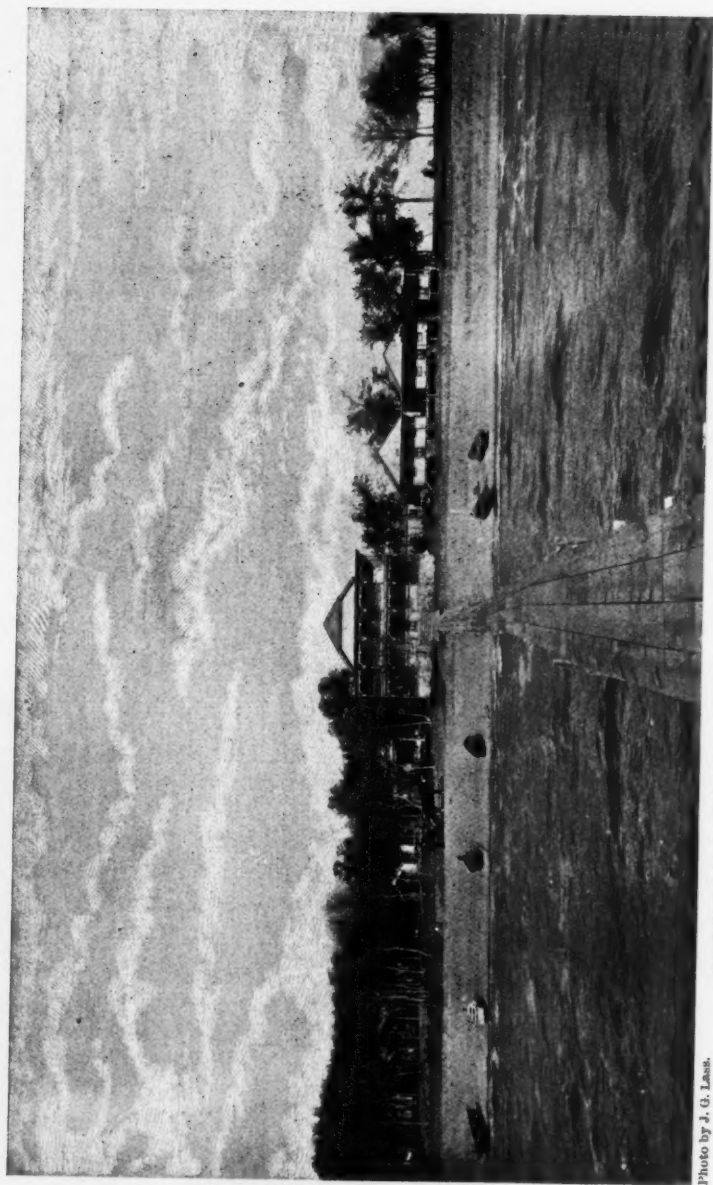


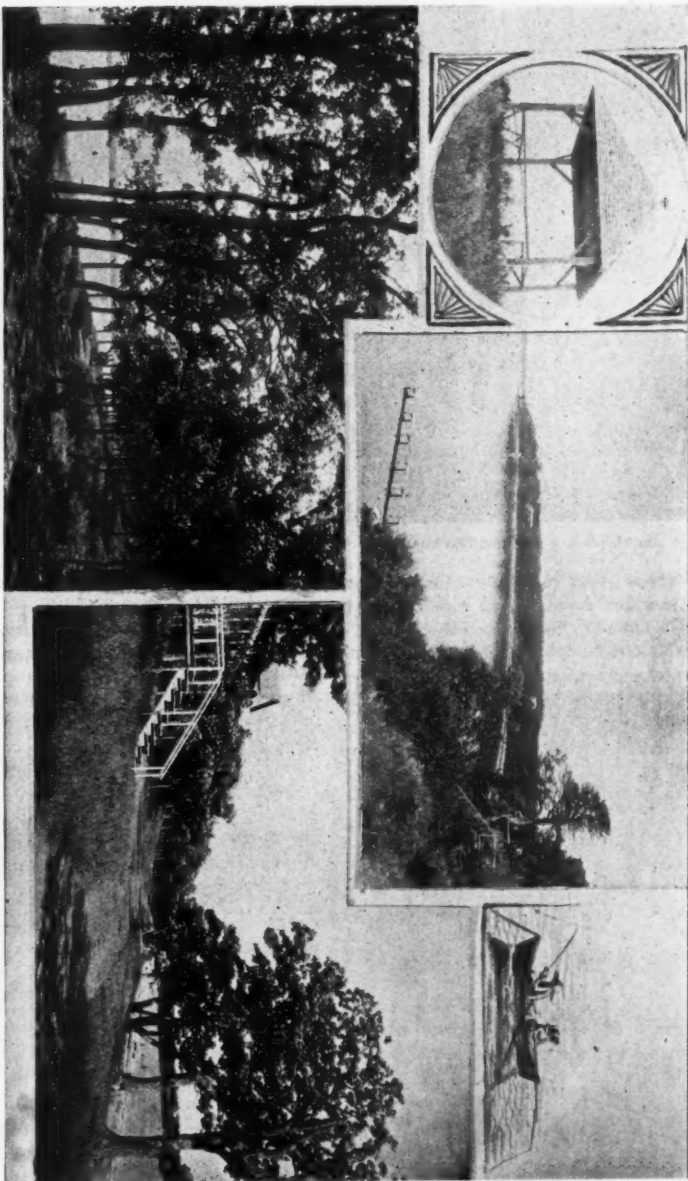
Photo by J. G. Lass.

CRANDALL'S LODGE, SITUATED ON THE NORTH SHORE OF SPIRIT LAKE—B. E. NEYZGER, PROPRIETOR.

A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.

Photo by J. A. Bellinger.

OBSERVATORY, WEST OKOBOLI, SAID TO BE THE HIGHEST POINT IN IOWA—DIXON'S BEACH, FROM FT. DODGE POINT—
VIEW OF PARK AND LAKE, LOOKING WEST FROM INN—THE DRIVE, LOOKING EAST FROM INN.



A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.



SENATOR A. B. FUNK, SPIRIT LAKE.

by three great railroads - the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, and the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern. Trains run at convenient hours, most of them arriving and departing in daylight, which is a great advantage to visitors. Commodious conveyances make connection with all trains, so that one is never without means of rapid and safe transit from place to place.

The citizens of Spirit Lake are progressive, intelligent people, who are alive to the interests of their city, and they extend a most cordial welcome to all.

Some of the principal points of interest on Spirit Lake are: The Orleans Hotel, at the southeast extremity of the lake; Craven's Beach, on the eastern shore, and the West End Hotel, at the southwest extremity of the lake. This hotel has a most excellent location, being surrounded by fine trees, within convenient distance of town and overlooking the lake, having also a most delightful beach. At the north end of the lake, directly opposite, is Crandall's

Lodge, which is exceedingly popular for various reasons. This site affords a most beautiful view of the lake, and the beach is unsurpassed by any other on the lake for bathing. About midway, on the west shore of the lake, is the Knights Templars' Lodge, a fine structure beautifully situated on a high bank overlooking the lake.

To reach Okoboji, one may go by rail over the C, R. I. & P., or the C, M. & St. P., or they may go by bus or livery. It is a delightful drive through magnificent forests and luxuriant fields.

The first point of interest is the grade and draw-bridge for wagons, below which is the railroad, with the draw-bridge through which the steamers pass.

On the opposite shore of the lake, about one mile beyond, is Arnold's Park, which is very finely improved, provided with hotel, auditorium, bowling alleys, toboggan slide, refreshment stands, a dock for the steamers, and a fine boat house and bath house. Fishing tackle may also be obtained by any who desire it. The grounds are covered by stately old oaks, that so completely shelter the buildings as to afford the most delightful shade and protection.

A little farther up the lake is Pillsbury's Point, which affords the finest view to be had of Okoboji Lake. Back a little distance on this point is the residence of Mrs. Abigail Gardner Sharp and the monument erected to the memory of the people killed there in the Indian massacre of 1857.



Photo by J. G. Lass.

RESIDENCE OF SENATOR A. B. FUNK.

A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.

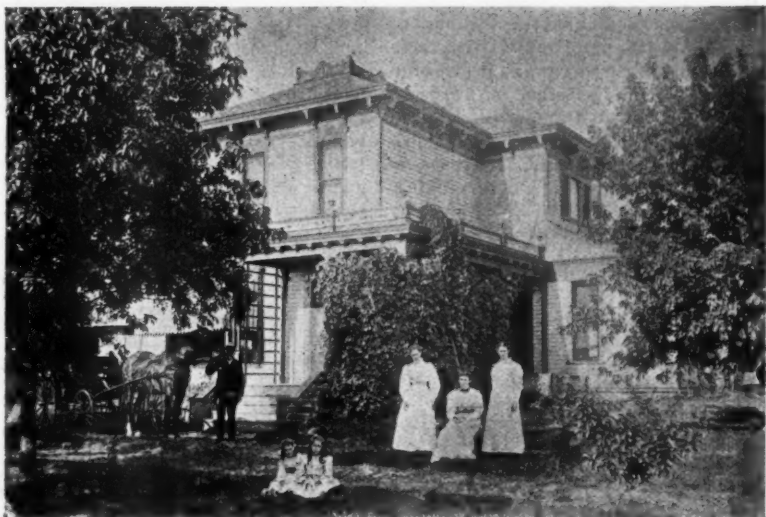


Photo by J. G. Lass.

RESIDENCE OF DR. L. E. BROWNELL, SPIRIT LAKE.

Looking across the lake from Pillabury's Point, is Fort Dodge Point, where are some of the finest cottages on the lake. Beyond, on the north side of the lake,

is Dixon's Beach; this is one of the favorite points on the lake for bathing, owing to the character of the shore, and the beach and the bottom of the



Photo by J. G. Lass.

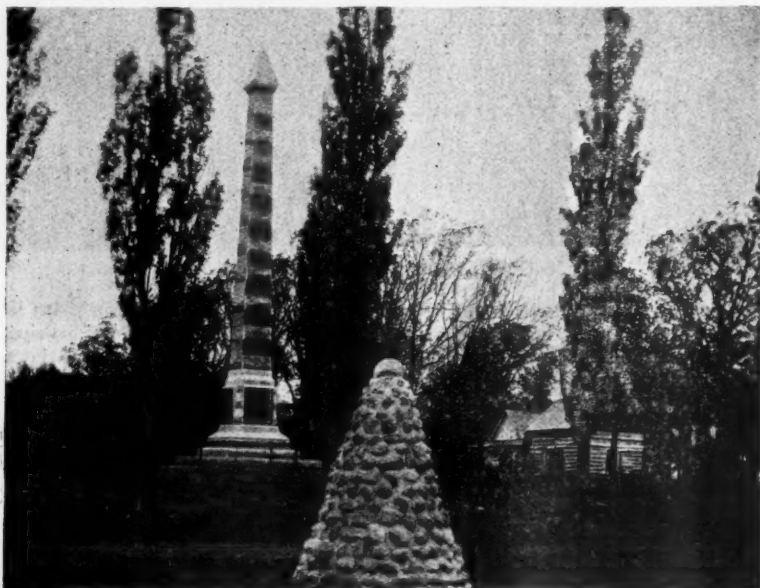
RESIDENCE OF A. E. ST. CLAIR, SPIRIT LAKE.

A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.

lake. The shore is densely wooded, and a beautiful drive leads along it for a great distance. Immediately back of this drive the shore rises in graceful knolls, affording excellent sites for cottages and other buildings.

One of the most popular and unique places of entertainment on the lakes, is situated here, The Inn, a new building owned by Mr. J. A. Beck, of Fairfield, Iowa, who is making of this hotel and

dock for steamers, and one for sail boats; row-boats and fishing tackle may be obtained at the dock, and all who so desire are furnished with a pilot and experienced fisherman, to show them where to fish with the best results. There is an orchestra at the Inn to play for the entertainment of guests, and for balls and parties. The proprietor, Mr. Beck, is a progressive man, and has done much to popularize



THE SPIRIT LAKE MASSACRE MONUMENT.

surroundings a most ideal home for the tourist. The Inn has a frontage of over 300 feet, sleeping rooms are on the first and second floors, the whole being surrounded by wide verandas, affording at all times a fresh breeze from the lake. In the rear is a large kitchen and a dining room, which is seventy feet long; there is water on both floors, with toilet rooms on the ground floor. The rooms are all newly and nicely furnished. There is a good

the lake region. He is a hotel man of wide experience, and a man of good business ability; and recognizing in Dixon's Beach the possibility of becoming an exceptionally fine resort, he secured a large tract of land on the lake shore, where he has built the Inn, and has also erected some fine cottages. It has been his intention and desire to provide accommodations for people at reasonable prices, and he has succeeded so well in the time he has been con-

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Brown's Bay.

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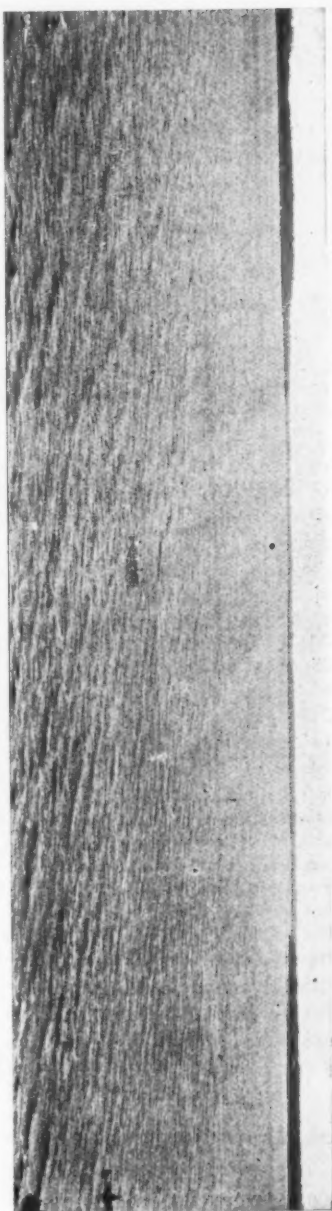


Photo by J. A. Bellinger.

VIEW OF LAKE OKOBROI FROM DIXON'S BEACH.



VIEW OF LAKE OKOBROI FROM DIXON'S BEACH—SHOWING FT. DODGE POINT AND PILLSBURY'S POINT IN THE DISTANCE.
(Photo by J. A. Bellinger.)

A MIDLAND SUMMER RESORT.



Photo by J. A. Bellinger.

VIEW OF HAYWARD'S BAY, WEST OKOBOJI.

ducting the business, that his success for the future is assured. After leaving the Inn, we pass around the point, and soon reach Omaha Beach, where there are some fine cottages and some beautiful forest trees. Still farther on is Hayward's Bay, owned by Mr. William Hayward, of Spirit Lake. There have already been erected on this bay a number of handsome cottages, although it is but in the beginning of its development. The beach here is unequalled by any on the lake for bathing, and is exceedingly popular as a bathing resort. The shore is walled with rock thrown up by the waves, and the beach is of smooth, fine sand, free from pebbles and other obstructions

that would make it unpleasant for bathers.

No one contemplating a trip to the lakes need apprehend any lack of diversity of entertainment. Balls or parties are given almost every evening, the steamer making nightly excursions of the lakes, affording a delightful means of conveyance from place to place. Among the most popular amusements are the boat races which occur every few days, from six to twelve boats entering the contests. Swimming contests are also frequently held and afford a great deal of amusement.

In brief, these lakes comprise the greatest pleasure resort of the Midland region, and every resident should at some time enjoy them.



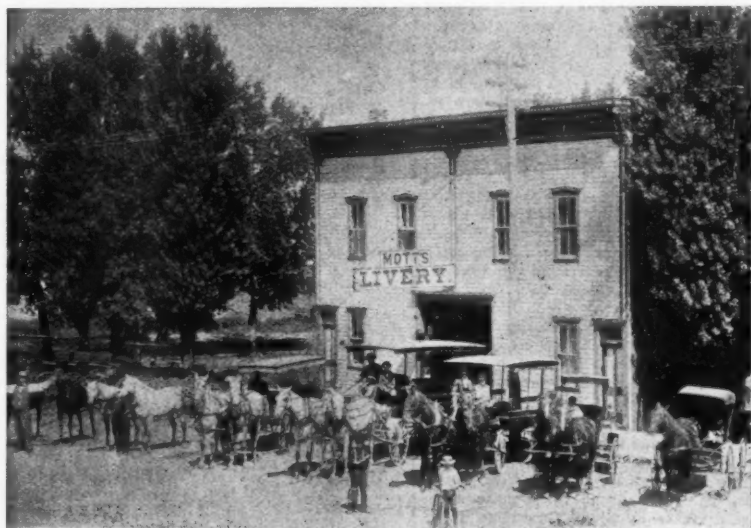
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x x x

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

A SAMPLE LETTER FROM AN ADVERTISER IN THE MIDLAND.

DUPLEX AND JEWETT TYPEWRITER AGENCY,
616 Locust Street,
Des Moines, Iowa, July 13, 1898.

Conway & Shaw, Midland Monthly, City:

GENTLEMEN—Assuming that publishers of books, periodicals and magazines like to hear from advertisers in a pleasant way, I wish to say that in Monday morning's mail I received letters from four different people, in different parts of the State of Iowa, asking us to send prices and circulars on our Jewett typewriters. Three of them were marked that they had seen the ad. in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. (The fourth party did not mention where he saw our ad., but we are willing to give credit for the one letter to one out of at least one hundred papers that have our ads. in them in the State of Iowa.)

If THE MIDLAND MONTHLY brings this kind of returns to all of its advertisers, it certainly must be a good medium, and you can bet your life our ad will appear for this entire year and a good many years to come while I am in the typewriter business.

Yours very truly,

GEO. LOARTS,
Manager.

Glad to enroll myself among your subscribers for another year.—Rev. S. H. Noll, Colliersville, Tenn.

We are all pleased with it; we like it better than older magazines; they are priggish to a painful degree.—A. C. Simpers, Colera, Md.

I hear many kind expressions from the people in relation to THE MIDLAND, and we have several testimonials in regard to our work incidentally speaking of THE MIDLAND as a splendid magazine.—E. W. Pierce, Field Manager MIDLAND MONTHLY, now in Omaha.

I enjoy the magazine very much.—Mrs. T. H. Wright, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Wishing THE MIDLAND even more increasing popularity.—J. A. Triplett, Centre City, Texas.

Your excellent magazine.—W. V. Lawrence, Chillicothe, Ohio.

The subscribers all seem to be pleased with it.—Lulu Johnson, Marshall, Mo.

We like it very much.—R. L. Sawyer, Meade, Kan.

I am proud that Iowa, my home for more than forty years, is the home of such a good magazine as THE MIDLAND.—Mima Middleton, Eagle Grove, Iowa.

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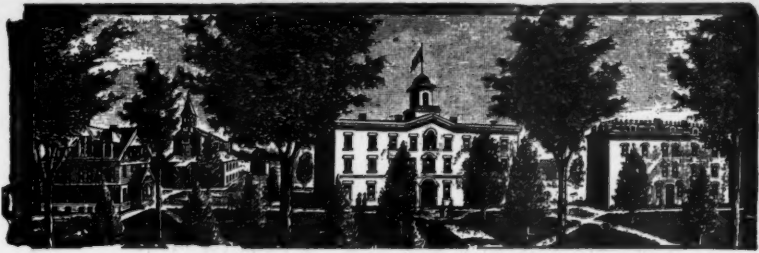
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Publisher's Notes—Continued.

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I could not get along without THE MIDLAND, as it is a very enlightening publication.—Dot. M. Barr, Spring Valley, Iowa.

I could not afford not to take THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. Nothing quite takes its place.—Lillian Hobart, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

With best wishes for the success of THE MIDLAND.—Mrs. L. G. Cobleigh, Evanston, Ill

It is wide awake and progressive. I wish it every success.—Mrs. W. A. Byers, Salt Lake, Utah.

I have heard so much of its splendid qualities, I would like to subscribe.—Miss M. C. DuTraw, Zilwaukee, Mich.

I am really proud of it as the best magazine west of New York.—Mrs. E. H. Chase, Minneapolis.

THE MIDLAND is undoubtedly the best literary publication in the West, and deserves the support of the Western press, and I shall do all I can to give it that.—Frank Waller Allen, Times, Louisville, Ky.

And keep the dear, clean-faced magazine in my home.—Mrs. H. S. Russell, Hudson, Mich.

Wishing THE MIDLAND great success as it abundantly deserves.—Rev. J. J. Lutz, Woodstock, Minn.

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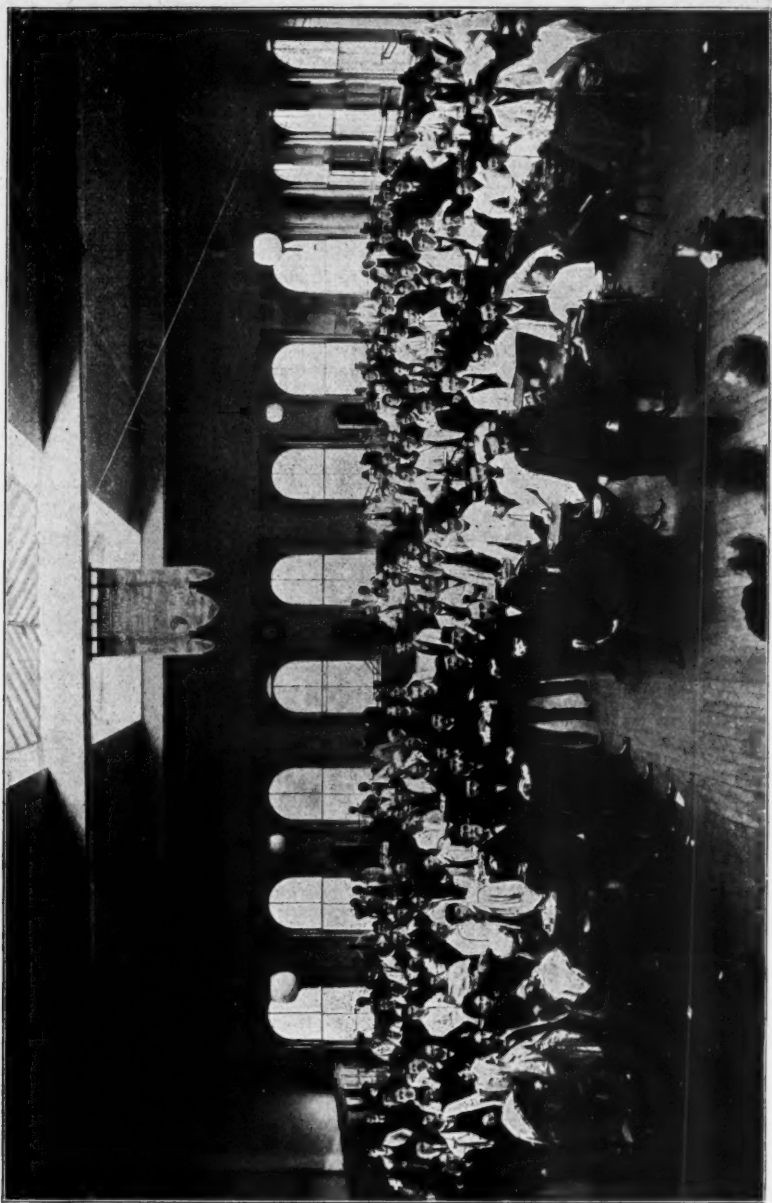
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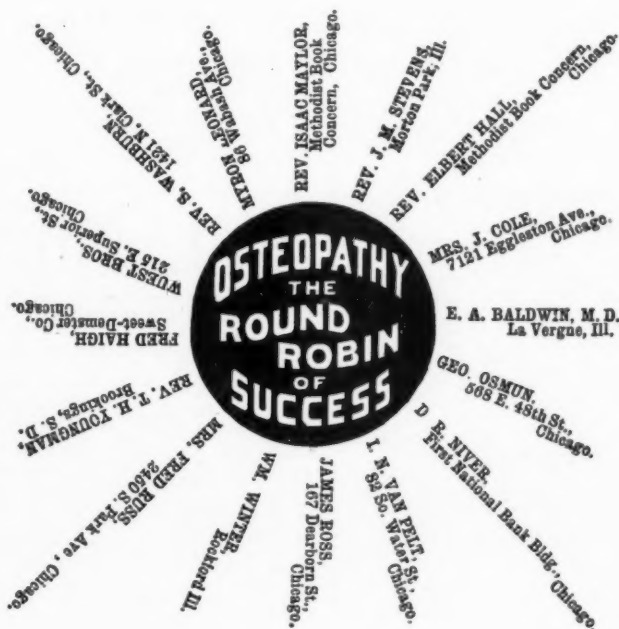
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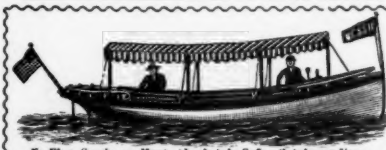


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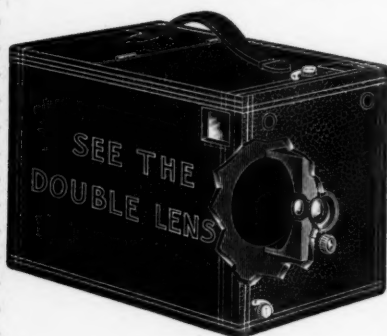
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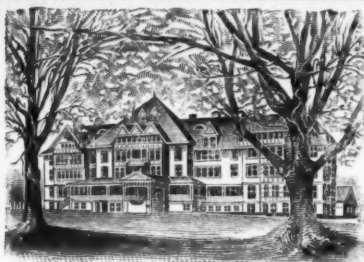
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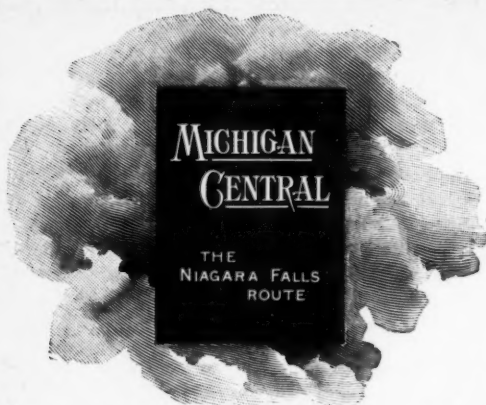
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DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your communi-
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pied to attend to it sooner.

I am satisfied that Mr. Emerson's work will
be an important contribution to the history con-
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Colonel Grant to the value of Mr. Emerson's work
is of great importance. Very truly yours,

W. MERRITT,
Major-General, United States Army.

WHAT COLONEL CONN,

An ex-Confederate soldier, and pres-
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LUTHER H. CONN.

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